

#47

LadyLike

Exploring & Expressing Femininity

Profile Girl

Jocelyn Rescott

Film Review

CD'ing Detectives



How-To:
**Perfect
Eyes**

Foxy Roxy:
**Gettin' In
Trouble
Again**

DramaQueen
**Sandelle
Kincaid, Pt2**

US\$12 - Can\$24



and photos, photos, photos!

Letter From The Editor



Here we go again my little kittens of crossdressing. It's time for another hot issue of LadyLike. It seems like we just did one of these a few months ago... Anyhow, I've been thinking about the last decade or so. It has certainly been a fun time, sometimes a wild time, and, there have been a few sad times. No talking about the sad stuff in this editorial, though. I want to talk about an educational moment that occurred

several years ago. Stop me if you've heard this one. I was in downtown, or as we say around here, in Center City, Philadelphia, doing something or other in my male mode. I was walking through prestigious Rittenhouse Square, a block of green park right in the middle of town, and... I spotted a cross-dresser. To say "spotted" is not quite accurate. She was hard to miss. It was a warm spring day and the park was full of the usual kind of people you find in a park on a day like that. There were young women in work out clothes, secretaries having a break, business men walking through, nannies and mothers with babies. A few artists were set up doing artie things and there, in the middle of the spring afternoon, was a skinny, blonde CD all dolled up for a night at a cocktail lounge. She was dressed in a tight black sheath dress, black fishnet stockings, black heels and a black hat. I took the opportunity to take a seat on a park bench to observe.

After noting that the CD had bummed a cigarette from someone and sat down on the ledge of the fountain in the middle of the park to smoke, I began to observe in earnest... not the CD. I scanned the rest of the park to see what people did. For the most part they did nothing. Now this is the center of a major metropolitan city on the east coast. If this young lady was walking around like that in the middle of some small town out in the hinterlands I bet someone would have said something like: "Hey y'all! It's one 'o them there girly men."

The inhabitants of the park were completely calm, cool, and collected. They went about their business. If our CD, let's call her Suzie... If Suzie was looking for "reads," a typical occupation for CDs most of the time, she probably didn't see any.

I had a newspaper with me and used it to camouflage my scanning for reactions. No one seemed to notice that I read the same page for quite some time. There we were. Suzie on the fountain, the other folks doing what they were doing, and me, watching it all.

After Suzie finished her smoke she got up and sauntered out of the park in the other direction. I continued to occupy my bench and pretend to read. About thirty seconds after it was clear that Suzie wasn't coming back our way one of the older

black ladies on the bench next to mine roused herself, put down the book she was pretending to read, turned her head toward her companion and said, "Well, guess the show's over." The two of them got up and moved off to the rest of their day. I'm sure that there were others present that day who were just as aware of Suzie as the old ladies — I just didn't happen to overhear their comments.

What do we learn from this parable, my little drag grasshoppers? We learn two things. First, most people in the more sophisticated areas of this country will not do anything obvious to let *you* know that *they* know. They will tend to view the presence of a CD as just more spice in the enchilada of life, a splash of lime in the cocktail of being. They may discuss it later at dinner with the wife or it may pass out of their memories before they get a block away.

The other thing we learn is that all the tranny-girls who say they go out and walk the streets and "...no one knows I'm a CD" are simply fooling themselves. No matter how good you *think* you look, there is always someone who will notice something. If you have a fashion sense like Suzie and dress completely wrong for the place you're going, you have even less of a chance of passing.

In the past, I have written that there is no such thing as passing. Someone will always figure you out. The important thing is to not give a damn. It doesn't matter if people think you're a purple orangutan disguised as a human, as long as you are happy with yourself. All of the emphasis on passing in our community is just another way of saying, "I'm doing something wrong, so I need to disguise my real nature so I'm not ridiculed... or worse."

Now don't get me wrong. I'm not saying you shouldn't do your best to be ladylike. After all, that's the name of the magazine, right? By all means work at your feminine expression and be as much of a woman as you can. Try to blend into the world of women as much as possible. But do it for you. It is your comfort that counts. I know I would not be comfortable at all while out dressed if I was not feeling positive about my feminine expression.

But don't be deceived into thinking that just because no one shouted out, "It's a man!" that you got away with it totally. And, that's actually the point... Getting away with it. It means we are trying to fool people. We are trying to pretend we're something we're not. Stop for a moment and think about how that makes people view us. They don't understand that we are not attempting to fool them, we are not attempting to be something we aren't. We're working hard to be what we are, transgendered people, crossing the gender border and doing it as well as we can. If you feel hurt when someone does shout, "It's a man" then you haven't yet learned that they are wrong. You're more than a man. You've been given a gift that allows you to walk in both worlds. Be who you are and live a full life. Come on... let's get on with the show.



#47 LadyLike

Exploring & Expressing Femininity



Cover photos courtesy of
Foxy Roxy & Jocelyn Rescott

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Height: 5'9"

Weight: 195#

Residence: Northern New York

Shoe size: 10

Dress size: 20

Favorite clothes: Denim jeans, mini-skirts, casuals. Outfits that make me sexy and attractive. Casuals. Outfits that make me blend.

Favorite things: My mother, family, friends, the TG and gay communities, shopping anywhere for/as Jocelyn, motorcycles, listening to Geri Halliwell, and wearing Ciara Femme Fatale perfume.

Turn-ons: dating gentlemen, wearing makeup, shoes, boots, bikers and life in general.

Turn-offs: Ignorance and homophobia of TG and gay people, drugs, macho creeps, arrogant divas, power mad media people, Jerry Springer, Sen. Jesse Helms of North Carolina, and all hypocrites in general.

**Jocelyn
Evelyn
Rescott**

South Bronx Girl Makes Good!



LL: Hi Jocelyn. Welcome to LadyLike. How do you describe yourself?

JER: I am a thirty-three year old, half-Hispanic homosexual looking for Mr. Right.

LL: Looking back to your early years, when do you remember first cross-dressing?

JER: I was either twelve or thirteen years old when my older sister went away to live in a dormitory.

LL: Ah, a complete wardrobe left there just for you. That was hard to resist I bet?

JER: When nobody was around, I used to sneak into her closet to try out her outfits. I think the real lure of her closet was the array of different clothes inside. There was a small tight red blouse which I would pad with one of her bras to give me a bigger chest.

LL: How did you feel about wearing her stuff?

JER: Well, the fact that I tried on her clothes gave me a hint of who I was to become — personally and sexually.

LL: Did you have any favorite outfits or dresses besides the red blouse?

JER: I don't remember any favorite dresses but I remember that I had many close calls getting caught in her stuff. Every time when the apartment intercom would ring, whether it was my mother or whomever, I would have only a few seconds to put the stuff away.

LL: At least you had the intercom to warn you. I lived in the country and we didn't have any of that "new fangled" stuff. But, back to your sister's clothes. Did you get to wear them for all four years of her college days?

JER: No, she returned home about a year later but remained in college.

LL: All good things come to an end. Did you every use your mom or sister's makeup?

JER: No, I used to spend part of my allowance on makeup and nail polish.

LL: What were influences on your crossdressing back in the early days? Beside your sister's clothes, that is.

JER: When I first saw the movie "Tootsie" back in 1982, I thought that Dustin Hoffman looked so lovely as Dorothy

Michaels that if he was gay I would have loved to date him. Since that film I have always been interested in the transgendered mystique, mainly from entertainment. When I see professional female impersonators like Frank Marino and Linda Simpson doing the talk show circuit they look so drop dead gorgeous and are proud to be who they are.

LL: In the past decade or so there has been a lot of exposure for TG people on all the television talk shows. How do you feel about them?

JER: I totally despise Jerry Springer because he is to the transgendered community as Adolf Hitler was to everybody else — a hate monger who uses his talk show to produce a hostile and hateful environment.

LL: But he couldn't do negative shows about TG issues if people wouldn't agree to participate, right?

JER: When I see transgendered people appear on his show, all they want is their fifteen minutes of fame. If they expect compassion and sympathy, forget it! (Chanting) JERRY, JER-RY? He's an ASS-HOLE, ASS-HOLE!

LL: Mr. Springer seems to have definitely pushed your buttons. Anyone else you find as bad?

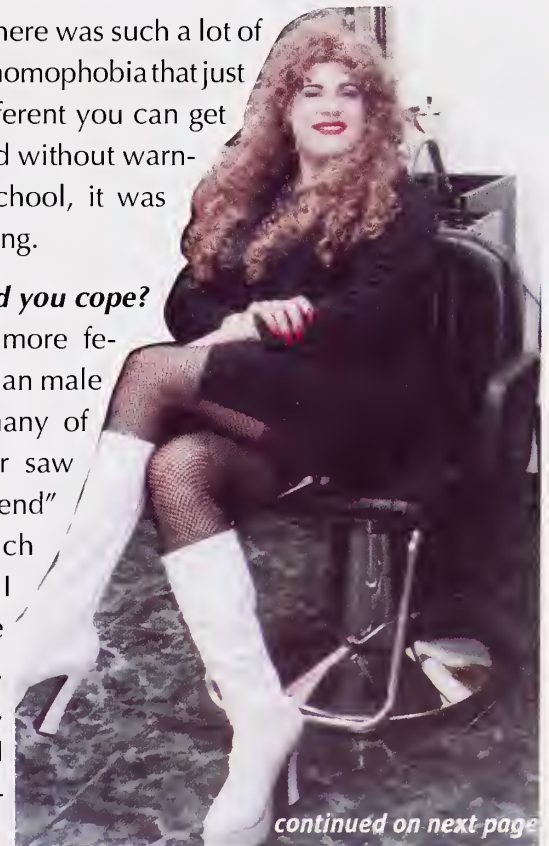
JER: Sen. Jesse Helms. Don't get me started on him!

LL: No he's not known for his warm fuzziness, is he? When did you first get a dose of the kind of thinking that Helms and his cronies use?

JER: When I used to live in the South Bronx, there was such a lot of prejudice and homophobia that just by looking different you can get your ass kicked without warning. In high school, it was even more trying.

LL: How did you cope?

JER: I had more female friends than male friends and many of the girls never saw me as "boyfriend" material, which was okay since I wanted to be one of the girls. In high school, being who I was was some-



continued on next page



thing I couldn't dare to reveal. There was an underground myth that if you were a gay nerd in high school, you are bound to be a female knockout later in life.

LL: That's a pretty weird myth. Of course I was a nerd in high school and look at me now.

JER: I sympathized with you Angela, I read a lot and was a nerd, too. None of the kids knew that I was gay or TG. If you were either one in high school, that was an invitation of getting your ass kicked or worse.

LL: What was the most important thing that happened to you in your high school years?

JER: When I was a sophomore I lost my virginity to a TG hairdresser who I knew as a kid. Her name was Judy and she was a "chick with a dick" who was also my first love.

LL: Did you let any of your girl friends know about your attraction to girly stuff?

JER: No, I never shared my attraction to femininity with any high school females but I did admire one from afar. Her name was Lydia Mironchuk, a drop-dead gorgeous red-head who could get any guy's heart racing with just a wink. Whether she was wearing a tight blouse, denim jeans, high heeled stilettos or boots, with fire engine red lipstick and

nail polish, she was the "cool girl"... and I wanted to be the "cool girl."

LL: You have had some tragedy in your life, haven't you?

JER: From 1992 until almost 1995, Jocelyn took a back seat. My father was killed by a drunk driver six days before Christmas 1992. With my family's conservative Catholic upbringing, they would have never understood my need to be me. I have three older sisters and to this day, my family doesn't know about Jocelyn.

LL: So your father's accident is what stopped you from dressing for some time?

JER: It led to a dormant period when I just concentrated on studies. Also, I stopped dressing up from time to time because buying clothes and makeup became such a ritual that I couldn't afford much. When I went to college I was still living at home because of expenses like rent, utilities, etc. and I had only temp jobs. If you're not working for a certain amount of time, you can't shop much. I didn't resume dressing up until my junior year when one day, I had a sudden urge to do it. Like a woman having an orgasm,



my dressing up was my orgasm. I had to do it or else I would become a total bitch! I would go to my dear friend Nidia's apartment in upper Manhattan to dress up on occasion and I would go out in public as a woman.

LL: Tell us about Nidia.

JER: It was in the fall of 1992 that I went to a women's clothing store in the South Bronx and met Nidia. She was not only (and still is) the store's head honcho, but she was also understanding of my lifestyle. Our friendship is going on nine years and she is like an older sister to me. She lets me come to her place from time to time to let Jocelyn out of the closet.

LL: Any other female friends?

JER: Besides Nidia, two, Quetsy (now living in Florida) and Norma, have also been understanding and accepting of me as Jocelyn. In fact, Norma is the head manager of a Lane Bryant store in the South Bronx and my personal saleslady. She's so cool and it's nice to have more than one variety to shop.



Getting back to my friend Quetsy, I have known her for about a dozen years – both her and her husband. Mike is really cool but he doesn't know about Jocelyn. When I first revealed to Quetsy that I was transgendered, she was very understanding and we have a stronger bond than ever before. When she moved away to Florida last year, I cried myself to sleep. From time to time, I stay in touch with her by telephone. When she moved away, she was already pregnant with her first son. Now, she's due with another son this fall and I am thrilled to becoming both a god-uncle and god-aunt. I love her like a little sister. I love her a lot and I truly miss her.

LL: Do you ever get out clubbing as Jocelyn?

JER: Not often now, but more in the future.

LL: Any club stories?

JER: Well, the first Friday night in November of last year I was spending a weekend at Nidia's. That night, I was going to go out as a woman and enjoy myself. Did I care about what people would think? I said, "F**k no!"

It was after 10 that night and I was a honey blonde wearing a white turtle neck sweater with blue button

continued on next page



blouse, a blue denim jacket, and jeans with silver beads on my back and sides, with a pair of red, three inch thick, high-heeled boots. I was looking for fun and ready to party. As I got downstairs, I hailed a cab and as he was driving me to a club called *The Warehouse* in the South Bronx the driver told me he was from Pakistan. I knew he got hot for me when he started to compliment me on my ruby red lips and long polished nails. He asked me if I was single and I told him "Yes", and he also asked where I worked. I could have told him that I was a hooker and he still would have been hot like a panting dog. He offered to pick me up from the club when I was ready to go home. He even offered me \$50 to give him oral sex. It was tempting but I said "No."

LL: So he wasn't your type?

JER: If I'm dating a guy he's got to have three things: a job, money, and no baggage. He also has to show me a romantic time. If he's a perverted creep, he's hitting the highway.

LL: What was the club like?

JER: The Warehouse. It was an alternative nightclub of

different people — men, women, gay, straight, TG. In that place, everything goes! It was so cool that I would definitely go back. I've participated in the club scene as a man and as a woman.

LL: Have you been involved with any New York area TG support groups?

JER: I have not yet gone to a group meeting about my "other self," but I'm in the process of changing jobs and when I get my own place, I plan to spend every weekend and vacation time as Jocelyn. Hopefully, when I one day get my motorcycle, I would ride it as Jocelyn.

LL: How did you first get information on the TG community?

JER: I looked online, in magazines like *LadyLike*, and watched TV talk shows. I have been fascinated about the TV/TG community ever since I was little. I heard about a theory that men are born with some female characteristics, and some of them explore their female sides a little further. It's always good to know that I am not alone.



LL:*You're certainly not alone. When you get your new job and the bike you can meet a lot of folks who feel like you. How big a part of your life would you say is given to Jocelyn?*

JER: In the last few years, I have been so dedicated to being Jocelyn that I wouldn't rule out going for a complete change. But, at the same time, I have fully accepted the fact that I have two lives, two genders. In fact, recently my male persona did a story for an East Coast tabloid on the appeal of crossdressing in entertainment.

LL:*Wow, an intrepid reporter on the trail of a hot story! I know that JoAnn was featured in that piece since that's how we found you. Who else did you talk to?*

JER: I interviewed Frank Marino, Les/Linda Simpson, entrepreneur Michael Salem and JoAnn. I interviewed Frank Marino over the phone. I was supposed to attend a Sally Jesse Raphael taping that he appeared on back in May but illness prevented me from attending.

LL:*After talking with him what did you think?*

JER: The impression I have is that he is a warm and lovely person with a terrific personality. I've seen him perform as "Joan Rivers" on television in the past and he is the best. No question!

LL:*How did you think the article turned out?*

JER: It made me more proud of being Jocelyn but I realized that I was no longer safe working at that paper. The paper's homophobic attitude had made it impossible for me to stay. The article showed me even further that cross-dressers and transgendered people are here to stay and there is nothing critics can say or do anything about. YOU GO GIRLS!

LL:*You wouldn't have been in trouble if you stayed working there, would you?*

JER: I was never threatened physically by the staffers at the paper because they never knew that I was both gay and TG. But whenever they would make a derogatory joke about gays and TGs, I would have loved to speak out. By doing so though I would have put myself in potential danger for harassment or worse. The homophobic and racist atmosphere there is like high school. One time was enough! Management would ask me questions about why I did the story, but in a joking matter. Regardless, I'm glad to be out of there. I hated it!

LL:*What do you like most about dressing up?*

JER: I realized that by dressing up I could be any woman that I wanted to be. At the present time, I have about twelve different wigs, a dozen plus pairs of stilettos, boots (ankle,

knee-high and thigh-high), makeup, and the freedom of accepting Jocelyn.

LL:*What's your ultimate fantasy?*

JER: My ultimate fantasy is to one day become either a female impersonator or female rock star, a la Geri Halliwell. Personally, the only reason I ever listened to the Spice Girls is because of Geri. When she left, the other four no-talent hags were exposed as music wannabes. Listening to Geri's music gives me a sexual high as Jocelyn. (Are you reading, Fabio?) Or I'd love to be a fashion model like Cindy Crawford or Elizabeth Hurley.

LL:*Any musical faves besides Ms. Halliwell?*

JER: When I listen to Gloria Estefan, RuPaul, or the late, great Sylvester, it only fuels my feminine fire.

LL:*I can see the end of the page coming up soon. Any famous last words for our readers?*

JER: Let me tell you all something, if you girls want the real ultimate experience, do two things: go shopping and going to a beauty parlor.

Thank you JoAnn and Angela! You girls rock!

If you would like to get in touch with Jocelyn you can reach her via email at: <jocelyntvbabe@yahoo.com>.



Letters



Found The Right One

I really enjoy your magazine. It has helped me out a great deal. I have wanted to write in to Ladylike for a long time and now I finally have an opportunity to do so thanks to my relationship with a wonderful woman named Dawn. My name is Jennifer. I'm 36 years old and I've crossdressed for about 20 years. But since I met Dawn, I crossdress more then ever. She has been very supportive and we are getting married on August 18th, 2001.

Enclosed are a few pictures for the Mirror Mirror section taken when Dawn & I went to visit my friend Foxy Roxy from Texas in May. I hope you enjoy them. I would like to correspond with other TVs, women & men as long as they are not in jail.

Jennifer (Jim) Degnan
6141 S. 60th Street Apt #3
Greendale, WI 53129



Jennifer

Was Wal Mart Ready For This?

Hello again and thank you again for maintaining the only truly LadyLike magazine perfect for the lady in me. I am sending you some more photographs that I hope to see in a future issue. I love to read the letters I get when others see me in Mirror Mirror.

I went out yesterday dressed up in a black see-through blouse with short leather skirt and a pair of black 3 inch tie-up-the leg slings. I headed to the Wal Mart Superstore for their One Hour Photo service and, for the first time in my life, to get my nails done.

Though it took almost two hours to get them done, I found it a fabulous experience. Afterwards I



Bobbie

picked up my photographs and finished my shopping. I received whistles and lots of charming attention. My nails will take time to get used to. However I will return in two week's for a touch up job. I love how my longer nails make my hands seem smaller. My stylist said cutting the nails straight across makes my knuckles seem smaller.

What a lovely lady-like day that was for me. Tonight I plan to go to a Deer Park Lodge to dance the night away. I will give LadyLike magazine all the praise for my Barbie Doll experiences and the Lady-Like pen pal sisters I now have.

Thanks again for all your LadyLike support. Soon as I can get the money I am making reservations for Paradise In The Poconos.

Hugs, Bobbie Ava Patterson
P.O. Box 3260 Frederick, Md 21705-3260

Angela says: Well Bobbie, I don't know if making your knuckles look smaller is worth the effort. I don't think anyone is looking at them if you are wearing a short leather skirt with a see-through blouse in the Wal Mart. How many other ladies were dressed that way? And, I'm sure you attracted attention. I'm glad that you found it "charming" but, not to be a wet blanket or anything, some people may not be friendly when they meet you in an outfit like that. As we always say, have fun dressing up as you want but... be careful. One can get carried away with our joy and lose our common sense.

Surprise! Surprise!

Well, some milestones have been passed. I was

able to get a copy of LL #45, but not LL #44 until just a few days ago. I read with interest in LL#45 the letters that were there. However, when I got LL #44 I was astonished to see that you printed my letter. THANK YOU! You made my day when I saw it.

Now on to the what's new with me. I have decided that I like the name Allison better than Cathy Jean, so I'm now Allison. More good news. I have since spoken to my wife and provided her with an article that I saw on the Net. She read it and still has some reservations about what I do, but now she has a better understanding. I have since been dressing at home doing the housework and she likes it. The other day when I asked her how she was doing with my behavior she said it was like having a stranger in her house. Evidently according to her when I'm dressed I walk different, sit up straight and don't talk much. I told her that she should not be afraid of the other person and that I'm still here. Perhaps she will like having a girlfriend as well as a husband. I hope so. She said it is taking time getting used to it, but I have noticed that she doesn't complain about not having to clean and cook!



Allison

A few days ago, I took some time off from work and decided to treat myself. I went to several lingerie outlets and purchased some panties. One place even let me try them on. That night I went out fully dressed in public. I drove around for a short period of time and stopped at a McDonalds and ordered a drink at the drive-in window. The people there saw right through me as they were laughing and staring. I didn't care as I was on my own. My voice gave me away no doubt but I have been practicing. I will practice some more and try to work on my hair. I had on a long wig that I thought made me passable. Evidently it didn't work. But, on the good side, no one confronted me about being a man dressed as a woman. This was my first time out as a woman. What a rush it was. My heart was pounding the whole time.

The next day I went to the Dressing Room

outside of Detroit and purchased a maid's outfit. Mistress Lisa who owns the store was working and she was wonderful. I brought some of my things with me and dressed up (without makeup) and she let me try on some really high, high heels. They were too high, but they really made me look different. I had a wonderful time thanks to Ms. Lisa.

Tonight when my wife gets home I told her to expect a surprise. I am going to fix dinner and meet her at the door as the maid in my outfit. I will be her's for the evening and will be giving her a note when she comes in that I am at her beck and call.

Now for your surprise. I am sending photographs with this letter! I cannot include my address as I'm not that ready to have everyone know who I really am. I would like to attend the event in the Pocono's this fall and will talk to my wife this summer about it. Anyway, here are some photo's of me that you can print (if you'd like). I would like to know how I look. I'm getting there slowly but surely, and thanks to you and your magazine, I'm now ready to go forward.

Well that's all for now. Hope to see myself in your magazine soon. Thanks again for printing my letter. Love, Allison

Angela replies: We hope the maid idea went over all right with your wife. Sometimes it's important not to surprise them with things. It tends to frighten them. And, there's no need to print your real live address if you use our mail forwarding service. It's free when you subscribe. Just one more advantage of being a subscriber... along with not missing an issue. Don't feel bad about McDonalds. Fast food places are the hardest places to go undetected. They are usually staffed by young people who can spot the slightest gender variance before you even open your mouth.



A Tip For Our Readers

I enjoyed the special feature called Little Known Facts About Hosiery in Ladylike #44.

Here's a dressing tip many of the girls may find helpful. Most of us have longer torsos and as a result, bathing suits and especially bodysuits end up being too short and when snapped closed, end up flattening the breast area (unless your inserts are of cast iron.) You can solve this by simply purchasing the bra extenders available in many catalogs or notion counters. They can usually be found in white, black, and beige, and can even be tinted with fabric dyes. When added to the "tail" of a body suit the results are a longer higher cut bodysuit (what could be bad?) and a curvier body to go with it!

Here are some pics I hope you can use.

Cena Williams, FWD#2710

Hello JoAnn and Staff,

Well of course heaps of thanks again for publishing my photo along with the short note I sent you. I can only imagine all the letters you must receive and the countless "advice" you must also get on what you should and should not publish. I suppose some of that is good but with so many girls at various



states of growth in their femininity it must be very trying. But with of your experience you do seem to keep it in a very good perspective. After all, everyone has feelings and hurting them would be worse than a deep wound with a knife.

Upon the recommendation of a friend I've been trying some different looks. I had tried short hair in the past and, well, I'm ashamed to say I looked like the dreaded "man in a dress." Yuck. But I found it was just the color and the matter of only a couple of inches shorter. I wish some of the girls just starting out would realize that and learn to experiment with their looks besides the often cheap and never in style "white shoes" or lipstick color that was popular with Doris Day.

Thanks for listening. Always yours,
AlisonCD@aol.com

Gettin' Out And Having A Ball

I'm Cori. I have been getting better at being female ever since my first little skirt at the age of five. I gradually found out how delicious it is to wear little panties, nylon stockings and garter belts. Living next

door to an elementary school until the age of ten during the 1950s gave me an appreciation of femininity as I watched the pretty girls playing in the school yard wearing pretty dresses and skirts. How I longed to be one of them so I too could be pretty and nice while running, skipping or playing on the playground swings while my little frilly dress wafted up showing my pretty panties.

As I grew older so did my preference for females and their sweet clothes. At seventeen I went out on Halloween dressed simply as a girl in a little gray skirt, white blouse and red blazer. I wore a bandana over my hair and did a pretty good job shaving my legs and applying makeup. I got a couple of compliments on how "girly" I looked. The next time I managed to go all out and appear in public was another party where I went as a French maid at the age of 40, last year.

I got brave again and finally dressed up and went out in public without any pretext of Halloween or anything. My fourth trip out in public was just last month when I threw caution to the wind and got all prettied up and attended a transgender support group meeting in a nearby city, Moncton. I couldn't really pass but everybody I asked told me I looked fine. I visited four "adult" type boutiques and I asked the salesgirls how I was doing. I wasn't fooling anybody but nobody seemed to mind either. I plan to attend this month's meeting with much improvement. I would love to hear from and write to anybody who has the slightest interest in female clothing. Please write and tell me all about your secret life as a girl, even anonymously if you wish.

Love,

Cori, c/o C.L.B., PO Box 3314, Ste. B
Fredericton New Brunswick, Canada E3A 5H1

Angela replies: Here we have another letter that brings tears to my eyes. In these enlightened times, when there are TG support groups all over and many events every year specifically for TGs, why did you wait till you were 40 (or 41) to get to a group meeting? You speak of getting brave and throwing caution to the wind, yet why is it so hard for us to get out to a meeting. It's not like having to give a speech to 1000 people dressing in nothing but your best lingerie. But, I know it is hard. I remember my first group meeting. I waited outside for about 15 minutes thinking that the whole thing could be a trap. But, I "threw caution to the wind" and the rest is history. Remember girls, if you are in the closet and there is a group near you, open the closet door and go to their meeting. Staying in the closet is simply wasting time.

JoAnn says: Cori, darling, sweetheart, baby. We woulda printed your photo but it was dark and outta focus. Get us a better shot and remember to smile. Who luvs ya baby?

JoAnn For Commish!

I'm writing about your editorial "On My Mind" in issue #45. Maybe that's why us girls don't stick together. The people we trusted to lead us in our community can't seem to get along! I know you have a magazine to run but I think you're the one lady who could get all us girls together. You're well known and highly respected and you get people to listen!

The gays and lesbians have leadership and they achieved a lot! I feel we are in disarray and going nowhere fast!. So I think maybe you should be a

continued on page 13



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Letters...



commissioner and grab the bull by the horns. I know everybody in the TG community would listen to you. You've had my respect from the first LadyLike I got (#40) and we need some kind of leadership bad!

All my love, Alison Van Horn
PMB 350 15 Paradise Plaza
Sarasota, FL 34239-6905

JoAnn responds: Oh my dear Alison, I guess you missed the political turf-wars of the 80's and 90's. I've been the chair of Renaissance (twice, 1st and 10th). I chaired the board of AEGIS for several years and I served on the board of IFGE. I also helped start both GPAC and NTAC. All I can say, dear: Been there, done that, and gave the t-shirt to Goodwill. You are correct, however, in that the community lacks good leadership. I see a few up and coming new leaders who may make a difference, but the promise of the 80's and early 90's fell flat on its face in the 21st Century.

Still Not Getting Any Response

First of all let me tell you how much I like your publication and how stunning you and the ladies within are. I am writing to tell you I have written to many of the ladies and got no return, even to say, "No, I don't date men." I know lot's of ladies get bad letters but I don't write letters like that. I am a DWM who was married for 18 years and had a very good relationship with a TV/TS who was, like my ex wife, a best friend, lover and wife. We did everything married people do; walk, talk, kiss, cuddle, dine in or out, go to movies, shop and much more. I also tell this to the ladies I write because I want them to know the truth, but for some reason I don't get letters back. I have gotten some back from very nice ladies and even a couple from ladies who don't date men but of 200 or 250 letters to only get about 8 to 10% write back, well that is very distressing. I know it isn't your fault but I think something should be said to the ladies to (make them) write back to guys who do like to be with ladies like yourself and the ones in your very nice publication.

Yours truly, R.L. Garske
1505 Trailsway St. #5, Madison, WI 53204

Angela responds: We're sorry that some of the girls don't seem to want to pick up a pen. Maybe they're afraid they'll chip their nail polish. But maybe it's not all their fault. I had a hard time reading your return address. Who knows if it's correct? Maybe a lot more of the ladies wrote and the post office couldn't find you. There might be some guy in Madison with a lot of letters from TG girls who has no clue

why they wrote to him. Think about getting a return address stamp or some address labels. It might pay in the long run.

Missed The Hot Rod Feature

I would like to thank you for publishing a very fine magazine. The layout of the photos and the way they are presented adds a touch of class to the whole magazine. The articles are very informative and up to date with useful tips that all us girls can use.

With the help of your magazine I was able to converse with several girls that grace your pages. With their help I was able to improve my appearance with various tips here and there.



I hope I'm not too late to submit a photo for your "Hot Babes with Hot Rods." There is nothing more "eye catching" as a pretty girl in a shiny car.

The photos I'm sending are the result of a makeover done by Studio Lites in Denver. I hope you can publish these photos in your upcoming issue. Again, thank you for an extraordinary publication.

Yours sincerely, Sammy
PO Box 16284, Golden, CO 80402-6005

Never Been Out Of The Closet

I never knew that your publication existed until I came across issue #42 by accident. My level of excitement went through the roof to discover that there are others like myself who enjoy a more tasteful expression of their "other self."

I've lived my entire life in an ultraconservative part of the country (Greater Cincinnati) and truly believed that the only other crossdressers were those who reveal themselves on programs like Springer (Ed. Note: Springer is a former mayor of Cincinnati. Ironical?) or express somewhat of a mockery of our situation as on Drew Carey. (I've watched both but out of the corner of my eye.)

I have been dressing in some fashion or another from a single article of clothing to full dress right down to the nails and anklets for as long as I can remember. I've never been "out of the closet" and after well over 30+ years I'm not quite sure if I ever would. My strongest desire now that I've discovered you and the girls who so courageously have submitted photos, would be to carry on either a written or verbal conversation with someone who has dealt with all of this and has accepted and adjusted to this side of their persona. I am truly excited about learning more and eagerly await my first copy of LadyLike.

Sincerely, Krystal Glass
PO Box 721862, Newport, KY 41072

Angela says: I guess the Crossport TG group in Cincinnati needs to hire a better PR person. If you want to talk to others, of course we say keep reading LL, but you could also

look in the back of this very issue and get the contact info for Crossport. Believe me, they are not a group of "Springer Girls." There's even a group in Ohio called the Crystal Club. That sounds perfect for you. Good Luck!

She Feels Alone

I like your magazine a lot. It has helped me understand myself better. I am a 25 year old, single, heterosexual, crossdresser. I enjoy dressing like a woman because it makes me feel more sensitive and soft. I began crossdressing when I was a little kid when my parents were out of the house. I moved to New Jersey last year and I am now beginning to do this more frequently. I am new to this and I am still in the closet. With your magazine I have discovered that I am not the only one who likes to express the feminine side. But still sometimes I feel alone and I think it would be more fun if I had a girlfriend or some close friends that I could trust. Being alone makes me think sometimes that I must be a freak doing this because why would a man like to wear women's clothes? (Actually it's fun.) I have enclosed my address and email and I would be glad to hear from women and others like me.

Take care, Jenni Gonzalez
540 Collings Ave. Suite A-521
Oaklyn, NJ 08107
peterjgonz22@hotmail.com

Angela says: Get your web browser tuned up and send it over to <http://www.ren.org>. When you get there click on the Chapters button and then click on Greater Philadelphia Chapter. They meet right across the river in the King of Prussia area. You will meet plenty of folks like yourself at their monthly meetings. After their meetings the group goes to a local eatery that happens to be a sports bar. The members mingle with the regular customers and now and then romance may occur. Heterosexual of course. I always say, if you meet the girl while you're crossdressed... you won't have to tell her you're a crossdresser.

Love The Guava Interview

I am writing to you to let you know how much I enjoy reading your magazine. A few months ago I saw a copy of LL and I've been hooked ever since. I like to read "On My Mind" by JoAnn Roberts, who is one of my role models. Someday I'd love to meet her. I'm fifty two years old and still closeted. I'm 6'1", 180 pounds, so the article on Guava Chiffon was wonderful. Being a big girl is not easy. I am learning to become a lady and I want to thank you for that, especially JoAnn. Also, I love the how-to articles.

I'd love to hear from other sisters and women in the New York, Long Island area.

Love, Teri
FWD 4116

Was Raised As A Girl

I am now retired and living as a woman. I am very happy that I can once again express my feminine nature on a fulltime basis.

I should explain, my mom raised me as a girl; i.e. before I went to school. My dad had left us, she wanted a daughter and I was more than willing to oblige. I loved everything about being a girl - I wore dresses, played with the two little girls next door, and

continued on page 15



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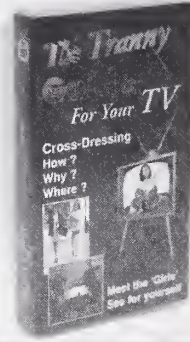
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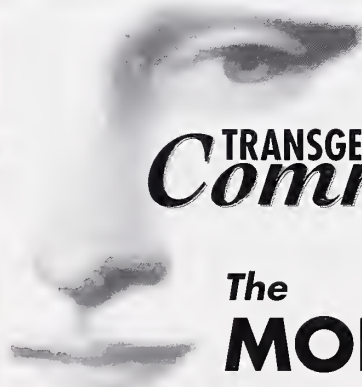
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Letters...

even went to dancing class as a female.

After I started school and during my working life I had to conform to the male image though I was never comfortable in that role. I was mom's daughter until the day she died. My mom was a lovely, fashionable lady, and I always wanted to be just like her. In



Diana

the enclosed pictures I bear a strong resemblance to her, and I'm now doing everything I can to myself to be as like her as possible.

I love your magazine and think that you are the epitome of femininity. It is hard for me to believe that you do not live as a woman. I would love to meet you and enjoy girl talk with you.

If you ever need an older lady for your Profile feature I would be more than happy to be interviewed by you. I live in New Jersey and could come to CDS for pictures and discussion. I will call you in a week or so to confirm that you have received this letter.

Diana Rayner
Northern NJ

JoAnn replies: Thank you so much for the most flattering compliments. And, no, I do not live full-time as a woman, although I have thought about it as much as any other crossdresser. But there is a lot that one gives up to be ultra-feminine, and I enjoy being able to switch back and forth between my masculine and feminine persona. It's the best of both worlds. I will discuss your offer with Angela. It's about time we profiled an elder TG person.

Proud To Be In The Magazine

In February, 2001 I sent you payment for a subscription for LadyLike, an introductory letter and photo of myself "en femme." You were so kind to print my letter and photo, with your reply in the letters section of issue #45. I realize it may not be such a big deal to you but I was so proud (and pleased!) to see my photo in your lovely magazine. With your assistance I have finally exposed my true self to the world to see and I'm a happier woman inside. I have received a few responses and everyone has been so nice and helpful in welcoming me to the transgender community. I'm making new girlfriends and am encouraged to join a local support group. I'm also enclosing a couple of photos which I hope might be good enough to make the Mirror Mirror section.

I'm so thrilled to be in the company of so many classy and beautiful girls.



Leslie

It's wonderful having you, the staff and magazine available for a newcomer like me. I was concerned about coming out but since I did I feel more comfortable with myself. Again, thank you so much for being there and I await with bated anticipation for my next issue to arrive.

Love, Leslie Adams
PO Box 1649, Washington, PA 15301

Won't Ever Miss Another Issue

I have included my check for \$36 for a year's subscription. Rick & Chris at Studio Lites introduced me to your magazine. This is a wonderful magazine. The girls are wholesome and respectable, the tips are great, and the ads totally applicable to girls like us. It is refreshing to have a TG magazine for not only some really beautiful girls, but also for everyday girls like me. I'm particularly happy there are no girls showing their "male" parts. I bought three back issues that [Studio Lites] had in stock after reading the first one. I wish that I had found LadyLike years ago. However, I'll never miss another in the future.

PS: JoAnn, you are a very attractive lady.
Brenda Ann, c/o W. Rahn, PO Box 1121
Westminster, CO 80030-1121

JoAnn responds: Thank you, Brenda, it is sweet of you to say that about me and the magazine. We work very hard at making LadyLike about real people with real lives, real issues, and real solutions. I hope you like the way your Profile turned out in issue #46. Chris and Rick were so proud of your photo shoot that they called me up and asked if I would be interested in your photos. The rest is history.

Thank You To All LadyLike Donors

On behalf of the Board of Trustees of The Transgender Fund and, more importantly, the community causes we serve, I would like to thank the readers of LadyLike for their consistent and generous donations to the Fund. Because of caring individuals like these, we have been able to provide literally thousands of dollars in grants for worthy transgender rights and education initiatives over the past year.

Our community is at the point in its evolution that it is going to take money, and lots of it, to carry us to the next plateau of greater understanding, respect, and freedom of expression.

No single source of income is more meaningful to us than the support we are receiving from LadyLike. From the bottom of my heart, thank you all ever so much.

Sincerely, Diane Dale
Chair, The Transgender Fund

JoAnn says: I cannot tell you how heart warming it has been to see the donations coming in from LadyLike subscribers. I am so proud of our subscribers and readers for supporting this worthy cause. Thank you all, so much!

She's For Real

Here's a check for the next year's subscription to your super magazine and a donation to the TGFund. Keep up the great job you two are doing for our cause. I enjoy the articles, letters, and photos of so many good looking ladies. I'm enclosing a photo of myself just so you'll know I'm for real.

I'm from SW Ohio And still in the closet but I would like to get out into the world when I'm traveling on my job in Michigan, Indiana, and Kentucky. I'd like to receive letters from all in those states if interested in getting together to talk.

Susan Williams, 1922 S Smithville Rd #149
Kettering OH 45420



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▲ Sunny Huffman, PO Box 16284, Golden CO 80402



▲ Jane Martin, PO Box 26691, Wauwatosa, WI 53226



▲ Jackie Monet, PO Box 29545, Thornton, CO 80229



◀ Stevie, c/o SRF, PO Box 547, Wyoming DE 19934

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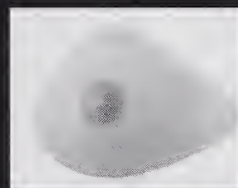
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Gettin' In Trouble Again

After a mentally exhausting work week, I like to recharge my system by going out to the local straight nightclubs in drag Friday and Saturday nights. I enjoy the attention I receive from the curious straight men who ask me out to dance, send me drinks or sit with me for an enlightening conversation. But I try not to let it go to my head and always remind myself that it pays to have some friends as backup in case something goes awry. Please read on.

Dances with Wolves

Recently, I've been going dancing to a local Mexican nightclub called Club 2000. There I hook up with my GG (genetic girl) friend Rocio and her group of female friends. Last Friday as I was sitting with them, a tall Mexican guy (Jorge), who is very popular with the ladies asked me to dance. At first I refused, not because he was poorly dressed (in my opinion), but because I hoping that he would get a clue as to what he would be getting involved with—me, a female impersonator! He persisted and with the girls egging me on, I agreed to dance with him.

Jorge and I danced to everything from Mambo#5 to the popular Venga Boys tunes. And while dancing to my Mexican favorites, Jorge twirled and spun me around with ease, yet protecting me from getting bumped by the other couples on the crowded dance floor. I was on Cloud 9! I felt so confident with him that when the bar closed, I let him walk me out to my truck

Big Mistake

Outside he began getting amorous

with me and told me that even though he knew I was a boy, I looked so damned sexy he didn't care (I'm not making this up)! I tried to make it plain that I was going home alone but he tried to steal a kiss from me. I turned

Hey Rox!

Whaddya expect in that flimsy outfit?



Jorge just can't keep his hands off her!



my head so he wouldn't kiss me on the lips (lest he mess up my makeup) but he pinned me so I couldn't move and planted a love bite on my neck! This may sound weird, the sensation of a man bigger than me having his way and forcing a hickey on my neck drove me wild, but I composed myself and pushed him away. It was obvious he wanted more and insisted on joining me on the passenger side but I refused to let him. I began to tire of arguing with him. I just wanted to go home.

Backup Arrives

Just then Rocio and her friends drove by (she was the designated driver and piloting her friend's SUV). They were going for breakfast but noticed my truck and stopped to see if I was OK. Rocio, knowing me all too well, could tell I was in a predicament. Quickly she devised a plan—one lady got out of the vehicle to divert Jorge's attention from me with meaningless sweet-talk. Meantime, Rocio left the engine running in park, walked over to us and using her gift of gab to throw him off, she pushed Jorge aside so I could quickly close and lock my door. I fired that muther up and as I waited for Rocio and her friends to get back into their SUV, Jorge, standing there looking dumfounded, began knocking on my window for me to roll it down. Yeah, right! Instead, I burned rubber outta that parking lot.

Whew, that was a close one! If my backup Rocio and her friends hadn't rescued me, I might not be here writing this stuff!

LL

Mirror Mirror



▲ Jackie B., PO Box 312, Neuveo CA 92567
jackieslair@cs.com



▲ Chrissy Ellen, PMB 203, 1115 E. Ridge Rd, Griffith IN 46139-1398



▲ Wendi, N.Y.



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▲ Michelle Lampron, 95 Robb St,
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Canada J6S 3T2

▼ Leslie Fairmont, PO Box 5093, Wilm., DE 19808



▼ R. K., PO Box 190381, Boise ID 83719



J.B., PO Box 311992,
New Braunfels, TX
78131-1992 ▼

▼ Laura Cynthia Hunt, PO Box 2211, Hollywood CA 90078



Wearing A Dress Ain't For Sissies!

Girls, I get some crazy letters and I read things that sometimes make me shake my head and other times have me rolling on the floor. The things we don't do when we toss on a dress! If there is one thing that I wish all CDs could do, it would be to have the wherewithal to get out in public while dressed even if it only meant going to your local support group meeting. It is a feeling like no other to be outside in the real world in the feminine gender. For a couple of years I went out regularly and experienced what it was like to be a woman in the public eye. I generally had no problems and was treated somewhat better as a woman than I would have been as a guy. I would also have to say that on just about every outing someone would watch me closer than normal, and I would venture to say that they knew something was amiss with what they saw. Let me relate some of the odd things that I have experienced.

One time during the Christmas season - actually a couple of weeks before the big day, I was browsing in a mall video store and found a couple of tapes I wanted to buy. Seasonal music was playing throughout the store and the clerk behind the counter was in a merry mood, occasionally bursting into song, and wishing every customer a happy holiday. I noted that he eyed me a couple of times as I was casually selecting my purchases, and when I approached the counter he came out from behind it and took my tapes just as a love song started to play over the music system. In a very good voice he began to sing along with the music.

I know you'll think I'm going to break my arm patting myself on the back, but I was the prettiest woman in the store at that moment and certainly the only one wearing a skirt and heels. He held the tapes and proceeded to sing the entire love song to me as I looked for a place to melt into from embarrassment. He had everyone's attention and when the song ended, the customers all clapped as he took a brief bow. I gave him a nervous smile and pointed to my tapes as a silly thought crossed my mind about turning to the rest of the store and removing my wig and also bowing. Rather than mess up a truly delightful experience, I kept my composure, paid for my purchase and thanked him sweetly as I left.

Then, there was the time I had to deliver a pair of high performance engines to two customers in Florida. I loaded them in the back of my Chevy Suburban and set out on a 4-day holiday weekend. Since I can drive for 14 hours easily, I decided to take along Brenda in a suitcase as I figured I'd have an extra day to lounge around in some motel on the

way home. I dropped one engine off on Florida's west coast, shot across the state and unloaded the other at Vero Beach, and then headed back north towards home. Crossing into Georgia I spotted a lovely motel set in lots of trees near Valdosta at around 8 pm and decided to call it a night. I felt it would be a great time to wash up and get Brenda out and let her take in the sights. After a soothing shower I started on the makeup and laid on the bed a moment to let the first application set... and woke up about 6 am! Guess I was a bit more tired than I thought, huh!

Not to waste what I'd already accomplished, I finished my makeup, put on a nice skirt and blouse, then the wig, and proceeded to do something really dumb. In my hazy feminine state of euphoria, I decided to continue heading home while dressed. I packed the suitcase, made sure I had all my possessions, left the door key on the desk and walked out into the crisp Georgia morning in 2-inch heels as I heard the door to the room lock behind me. There was no turning back, but then I didn't want to... then. I walked to my truck, loaded the suitcase, smugly got behind the wheel and headed over to I-75 for a pleasant little journey.

About 15 miles down the road Little Miss Smarty Pants realized she was in a strange state, about 1200 miles from home ***dressed As a woman!*** What if I was stopped? What if I had car trouble? I had to eat! I had to stop for gas! What in the world was I thinking? I began to go over ways I could pull over and get out of this getup without arousing suspicion. Just about then I passed an 18-wheeler, or rather tried. As I slowly pulled ahead, the truck suddenly came up even with me and stayed there. I accelerated some more and the truck did too. Then it dawned on me that the driver could see just about all of me from his position in the cab: the long brunette hair, the short tight skirt with more than adequate leg showing, the long red nails of my right hand resting on the seat beside me.

Ego time. I shifted around a bit and darned if my skirt didn't hike up a bit more! After another few moments I wiggled the fingers of my right hand at him. We drove along like that for at least 15 miles, side by side at 75 mph, my skirt somehow creeping even higher (darn thing!), and not another vehicle approaching from behind. Finally, we hit some heavy rain and he backed down (there must be something about those cold showers) and I drove on with a renewed attitude. This happened again with another rig further north, but we ran into heavy traffic which separated us quickly.

I must say I had a blast that day. I stopped for fuel, picked

up some snacks to eat, had doors held for me, lots of smiles from guys, hey, this was getting to be fun! It eventually occurred to me that I'd never be able to get a room dressed this way with only male ID, so I calculated my time and distance and decided to drive right on through to my home, getting there looking very wilted. But with a sense of pleasure that still comes to mind even as I type this.

I usually dressed on Saturday mornings, the only day I can really do it as my son is at work and I'm home. One Saturday as I was getting ready, absolutely nothing was going right. I attacked my brunette wig which refused to do what I wanted. I ripped it off and tried my backup wig, and it was *worse*! In a snit, I tore it off, dumped out the contents of my purse, and I told my wife that I probably wouldn't be going out that morning. Finally, I calmed down and decided to give it one more shot. The original wig fell into place like a charm and I looked **hot**!

I grabbed my coat, grabbed my purse (see previous paragraph) and ran out the door all excited about the day ahead. I had some serious girl shopping to do at a mall 25 miles away and stopped for gas. After filling the 40-gallon tank on my Suburban, I reached for my unusually light purse and instantly remembered that everything was still in a pile at home. After a very panicked and flustered conversation in my most feminine voice, I convinced the attendant to take my cheap Timex as collateral till I could run back home for my money. But, it gets even better, girls.

I got back to the gas station, credit card in hand and waltzed into the small office. I was immediately surrounded by seven burly truck drivers paying their fuel bills. One particularly heavysset guy was bending the ear of the cashier when they all took notice of me. We are talking leather wallets on chains, leather vests, a few beards, tatoos, etc. I'm trying to appear smaller than they are in my 3-inch stacked heels and not doing an admirable job, but they stood back and the heavysset one touched the bill of his cap and told me to go ahead of him.

I'm thinking I can hold my own with two of them if the truth comes out, but seven against one? I'd probably be able to walk again in a couple of years! Probably with a limp. Holding my breath, I completed the transaction, got my watch back and as I turned, dropped my freakin' credit card! Ol' Heavysset and another driver nearly killed themselves reaching down to retrieve the card (beer bellies can do that, ya know) and the winner politely handed it to me. Thanking him with a blushing smile, I looked toward the door hoping I could get through it before the recognition set in and they pulverized me and yet another

In the front seat of my car I could still see them looking my way with silly guy-grins on their faces. If they only knew! Thank God, they didn't! But it's not over yet. At the mall I was stopped by a mother who wanted to know where I bought my shoes as her daughter was looking for the exact style. They had to be at least 5 or 6 years old. But I told her it was at Payless and wished her well. From there I went into a candy store to buy a low-fat candy both my wife and I like. As I'm kneeling down to retrieve it off a lower shelf, I hear a voice as familiar as my own... and look up into the face of my next-door neighbor. He was pointing something out next to me for his young son to get. I had sat in his living room the night before giving him a quote on a new engine for his car. I got up and moved to the rear of the store wondering where they kept the jumper cables to restart my heart!

About then I decided it was time to call it a day. When I got home my wife commented that I was home early for a change. I usually stayed out all day when I was dressed. I told her that things were kind of dull that day and went to lay down. I didn't want a wing from a passing jet that Krissy S. (she's an aircraft mechanic) had worked on falling on my head!

There are more adventures for another time. Nope, wearing a dress ain't for sissies!

LL



Mirror



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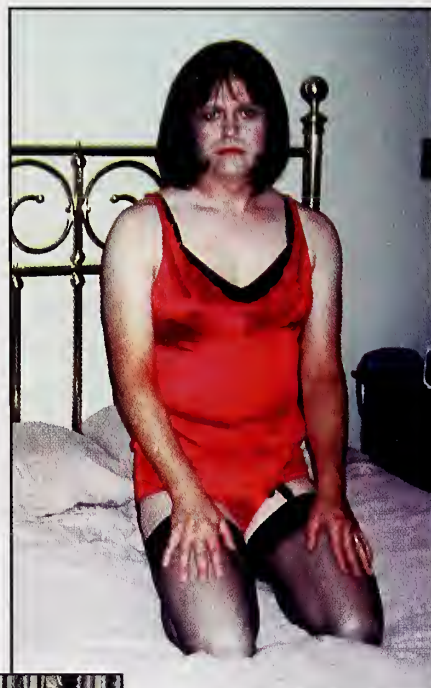
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Queer Dicks: CD Detectives In Film

Imagine if you will, a very large black woman approaching. She's a Southern matron taken to wearing tablecloth dresses and possessing wobbly arms, profound melon-breasts and corpulent jowls. Greeting you with a breathless hug, she makes an impression not soon forgotten. This friendly black granny, affectionately known as Big Momma, however is not a woman.



She's FBI agent Malcolm Turner, master of disguise.

Relax. This is only a movie titled BIG MOMMA'S HOUSE, starring Martin Lawrence as Turner. Agent Turner sets a trap for a prison escapee and murderous bank robber by disguising himself as Big Momma. The criminal's girlfriend Sherry (Nia Long) runs to the home of her grandmother, none other than Big Momma. Sherry has not seen her grandmother since she was a child. Seeking shelter from her murderous boyfriend, for both her and her young son, Sherry feels safe in the arms of her



grandmother. Sherry's real grandmother unexpectedly left town and Turner took her place. By utilizing a foam body, Turner imitates the cantankerous Big Momma. His artificial breasts, and man are they big, give him the most trouble not staying in place.

He finds himself falling for Sherry and must curb his heterosexual feelings while he's imitating a woman. One day, he comes to the house dressed as a man seeking work as a handyman. He starts a friendship with Sherry and her son, but in the meantime, he must still imitate Big Momma. Therefore, he changes from being the handyman one minute to being Big Momma the next, causing some sticky situations.

While waiting for the criminal to show up, Big Momma (Turner) goes about her everyday routine of testifying at church; shooting hoops; with the "Prissy" method, delivers babies; and in a scene reminiscent of Robin Williams' MRS. DOUBTFIRE, nearly sets the kitchen on fire. Complications arise, when the real Big Momma returns home. In the end, does he capture the escapee and win Sherry's heart? See the movie. The comedy in this

Martin Lawrence film reaches down to the lowest depths, plunging head first into smut. But, funny smut. There is nothing new to be had in this film, however, the antics of its star makes it worth a watch. It became the number one comedy in its initial run and many have seen it again in cheaper theatres. Undoubtedly, it will prove itself all over again when it reincarnates to video and DVD. The flashlight in the bed joke and the trouble Turner has remembering what gender he is at the moment will be satisfactory for laughs.

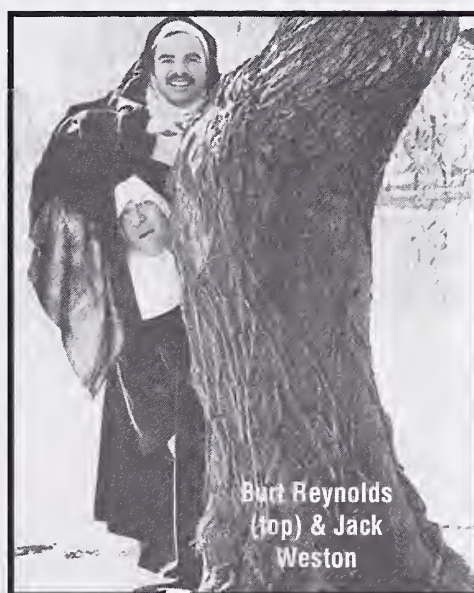
Lawrence has proven himself as a comedian both on the screen and television. However, the way Lawrence transforms himself into a woman was perfected in Eddie Murphy's THE NUTTY PROFESSOR. Makeup artist Rick Baker assisted in Murphy's transformation into the many members, both male and female, of the Klump family. Baker has tackled not only the plump Klumps but Jim Carrey as the Grinch and the simian population in the remake of THE PLANET OF THE APES. Murphy's differing characterizations in THE NUTTY PROFESSOR and THE NUTTY PROFESSOR II: THE KLUMPS are so believable that Murphy is completely immersed in the parts.

Another aspect of BIG MOMMA'S



HOUSE which isn't new is that a detective uses a female disguise to capture a crook. Such a device has been utilized since the Silent Era of Motion Pictures. Bea Little (Mrs. Meers from *THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE*) portrayed a woman detective who used many disguises, including that of a Chinese man, to help a duke's son prevent his father from marrying a gold digger in *ARE YOU THERE?* 1930. Gordon Haker, an English comedian, tried his hand at drag as a store detective after shoplifters in *LOVE ON WHEELS* 1932. In full drag, Paul Lynde invaded No-Man's-Land (the Ladies Room) while on the trail of suspected industrial spy Doris Day in *THE GLASS BOTTOM BOAT* 1966. Macho detectives, Burt Reynolds and Jack Weston, disguised as nuns, staked out a park to apprehend a rapist in *FUZZ* 1972. Homicide detective Melvyn Douglas covered his mustache with a veil and wore a woman's outfit in pursuit of a ladykiller in *THE AMAZING MR. WILLIAMS* 1939. Spy chief Lee J. Cobb went after women intent on taking over the world by disguising himself as one of them in *IN LIKE FLINT* 1964. Even the greatest detective of them all, Sherlock Holmes used a female disguise. Clive Brook portrayed the English sleuth in a 1932 film while in a feminine costume.

The great female impersonator Julian Eltinge used the same plot line of a detective disguising himself as a woman to capture a criminal in *MAID TO ORDER* 1931, Eltinge's only starring talkie. *MAID TO ORDER* had



Eltinge as a private detective on the tail of diamond smugglers. The crooks put the gems into coffee cans and dumped them by airplane on the roof of a New York nightclub. Eltinge disguised himself as a Frenchwoman named Lottie Lorraine, who was arrested by Scotland Yard. As Lottie, Eltinge performed at the nightclub. The film also starred Jane Reid, Betty Boyd, and George Stone. Part of Eltinge's drag performance in the film was used in the documentary *VAUDEVILLE*, 1997. Witnessing detectives going to any length, especially in drag, just to apprehend criminals can be a laugh. Yet, it's just a one-joke wonder and the production may fall short if the entire plot of the film relies on that. Luckily, *BIG MOMMA'S HOUSE* and *MAID TO ORDER*, as well as some of the other films, have intrigue, laughs, music and more to entertain viewers. See these films for the drag but do appreciate them for more than the fat or aged man in the thrift store chic ensemble.

LL





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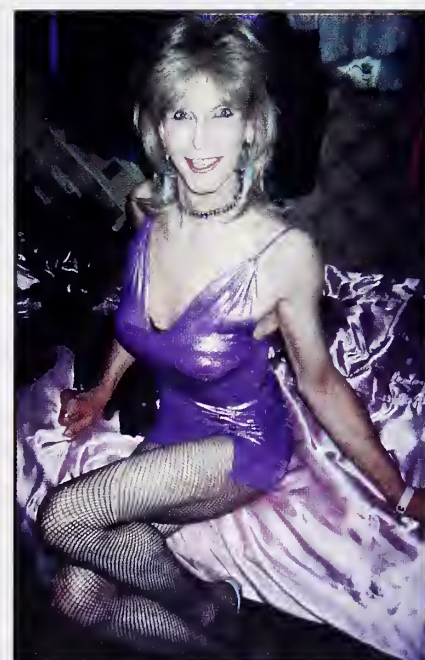


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I Could Feel The Mae West-ness Suffuse Into Me...

*An interview with Sandelle Kincaid
of Sluts A Go-go*

Sluts A Go-go was San Francisco's reigning drag troop in the 1980's. The 1990's drag explosion with films like "The Crying Game" and stars like RuPaul or Lypsinka was a long way off. The gay community was enamoured of the masculine, and drag queens were "Uncle Toms," old fashioned and embarrassing. But the Sluts built a unique fan base that appealed to all devotees of camp's bitchy fun. Gay or straight, main stream or punk, middle of the road or avant garde, everyone loved the Sluts. The core of the ensemble was the divinely despotic Doris Fish (a gay man), the playfully grim Miss X (a bi-sexual man), the child-like "Tippi" (an MtF transsexual), the bleach blonde entrepreneur Phillip R. Ford (a gay man) and the gorgeous Sandelle (a straight woman).

Of the five core members, Sandelle is the only one still working in the performing arts. Today she lives in Los Angeles where she acts, directs, produces plays and has recently started writing them. But before this self-propelled powerhouse performer takes the stage, a few words about Doris are in order. (Doris always thought a few words about her were in order.) Though a rather average looking gay man during the day, in drag Doris was bigger than life. And very talented. Doris was never to be underestimated. As her friend, author Jennifer Waters, said, "Doris could have been a general, if things had been different." Doris exerted a major force on all within her sphere of influence.

Some have accused Doris of misogyny because her last name, Fish, is used by American gay men as a derogatory term for women. But Doris' drag was a testament to women, not mockery. Doris was not American, but Australian, and "fish" has no such connotation Down Under. Even as a teenager she was Doris Fish. She identified as Doris in *As a Woman*, (St. Martin's Press, 1976), Barry Kay's hard to find photo essay on Sydney's drag scene. So when she came to the US, she didn't want to relinquish the name she'd already made notorious at home. Misogyny had nothing to do with it.

MB: The leader of Sluts A Go-go was the multi-faceted Doris Fish. When she was sick with AIDS, the benefit held for her was called, "Who Does That Bitch Think She Is?" and many people thought that was quite appropriate. Did you ever run afoul of the grand dame of drag?

SK: Well, like I said, I was quite pushy. That whole Miss X, Madame X thing came about because I wanted to be part of the group, I guess, and I never really asked. I just assumed I was. (Sandelle earned the name "Madame X" when she and Miss X became an item for a few years.) Doris wasn't somebody you immediately got close to. I never felt any animosity from Doris, ever. But I never felt completely close to Doris, either. Except at the end of the "Who Does That Bitch Think She Is?" benefit.

Doris wore the gold sequin dress that I would wear sometimes as Marilyn. It was her favorite dress and she would let me

borrow it. She and I really did bond during the course of that benefit. I was really happy about that. And when she was done with it, she took the dress off and gave it to me. And that was the last time she performed.

I'll never forget Doris standing up there and saying, "You know you guys are going to see me in three or four years. I'm going to be walking around and you're going to go, 'God, I gave that bitch 20 bucks and she's still alive!'" Just the balls that she had. To come up with the idea for her "This Is My Life" number, when she projected dozens of image of herself on a white dress she was wearing, while lip-synching to Shirley Bassey. When I think about that I get choked up. Connie Champagne as part of her act, would sing "To Sir With Love" to Doris. (Connie Champagne, San Francisco's vocal diva, describes herself as "a drag queen trapped in a woman's body." She was devoted to Doris.) Actually driving up (to San Francisco from LA) this time they played "To Sir With Love" on the radio and I was singing at the top of my lungs. I think of Doris every time. That song says so much about what we owe her. She protected "Tippi" so wonderfully. And X is very up front about owing his career to her.

MsB: Working with the Sluts must have been fun, but when did you become more serious about your acting aspirations?

SK: I had the two paths going. There were the drag queen shows, plus dancing with the Zazu Pitts Memorial Orchestra. It used to be all four of us (Doris, Miss X, "Tippi" and





Sandelle), then it became something that just “Tippi” and I were doing. And I was also going to Jean Shelton’s school, which uses a very Stanislavsky/Stella Adler-esque training method.

Sometimes, the two would really clash. When the Sluts started doing straight plays the number one priority, at least at the beginning, was “What am I going to wear?” I was interested in doing all this “back story” and motivational character work, but they were interested in the clothes! Of course, it came out later that the Brits, and especially Olivier, worked that way: from the outside in. And, yes, the clothes can give you a lot about the character. But still, it was an adjustment. My teacher wouldn’t even allow us to think about HOW to say a line, and with camp, giving the line the proper spin is what it’s all about.

For one of those shows I wrote new lyrics for *There Are Worse Things I Could Do*.

*There are worse things I could do
Than lip-sync a song of two
It’s not Shakespeare they may sigh
But I can dance in heels this high.*

MsB: What was the Slut’s process for putting shows together? Except for “The Bad Seed” you never had a script when you started.

SK: We didn’t have a script, but we had ideas. There was Marc Huestis for “Naked Brunch” and Phillip R. Ford for the “Happy Hour”

shows. Those guys would come in with ideas. A lot of those scenes were taken whole from classic films. We’d mine “All About Eve” and “Valley of the Dolls.” “Who’s Afraid of Virginia Wolf” was a huge one. We would borrow lines and ways of saying lines. You’d be going down the street and it was hot and you’d say (in character), “Oh, that sun is frying me.” Then you’d be Patty Duke as Neely O’Hara (from “Valley of the Dolls”). Or “You came crawling back to Broadway. Well, Broadway doesn’t go for booze and dope. Now get out of my way ‘cause I’ve got a man waiting for me,” which is Helen Lawson in “Valley of the Dolls.” “Neither your name nor your performance were mentioned.” I can’t remember where that’s from. It sounds like “All About Eve.” When you hear those scenes so many times they just become ingrained. I still say those lines today, especially if somebody gives me the correct lead-in. It’s a reflex. Then I’ll realize that no one else in the room has the reference for it.

Both Phil and Mark were just geniuses at publicity. So that’s where I learned how to do publicity. I remember at one point for the “Happy Hours” we wrote out our own interviews. We gave it to the writer and they printed it as is. You learned you had to have a great photo. You had to paper those posters everywhere and they had to be eye-catching. Doris always said, “The height of glamour is seeing your poster in the gutter.” That’s when you knew you’d arrived. You have a little moment, “Yea, that’s me.” (laughs)

You’d watch “West Side Story” or Damn Yankees” or “Viva Las





Vegas” and you’d steal the dance numbers from them. Then there was always that painful process of teaching the numbers. I was the head choreographer, the dance mistress. So trying to get them to be on time. “Come on, people, work with me.” Oh, my god, it was impossible.

MsB: *Did Drag Time apply to rehearsals?*

SK: Drag Time is a ‘round the clock phenomenon. I was usually ready on time, but there was one time when I got as into drag time as they did. We were performing on the stage of the Civic Center. It was the Bay Areas Music Awards. One of the girls from Zazu Pitts Memorial Orchestra was nominated. The four of us came running from the cab, down the hallway. We barely had enough time to pin on our hair. We jammed extra pins in, because we knew we’d be whipping our hair around, as we’re going up on stage and just as they’re hitting our first note. The singers were just shooting us daggers. It was usually my responsibility to get everyone to places on time and that was the one time that, I don’t know, time just got away.

MsB: *I remember sitting, waiting for the “Happy Hours” to start. And waiting and waiting...*

SK: Oh, yes. The audience would be full at the 181 Club and we’d troop through with our wig boxes and our makeup cases. “Oh, Hi! We’ll start the show in about 45 minutes.” (laughs) You had to get ready before you went down there. There wasn’t any room to get ready down there.

MsB: *Drag clubs are notorious for their lack of dressing rooms.*

SK: I remember going over to Doris’ Oak Street house and every month it would be under remodeling. Her house was in drag constantly. This room was being changed into a Florentine Fantasia. This room she decided to paint giant eye balls all over everything. And this room is going day-glow. Fun fur walls. And now it’s all set. Then she’d start all over. “Vegas In Space,” was started because of the decorations for a party. It looked so fabulous they said, “Well, let’s shoot something in this.” It says, “Based on the

party by Ginger Quest” in the credits.

MsB: *Were you in “Vegas In Space?”*

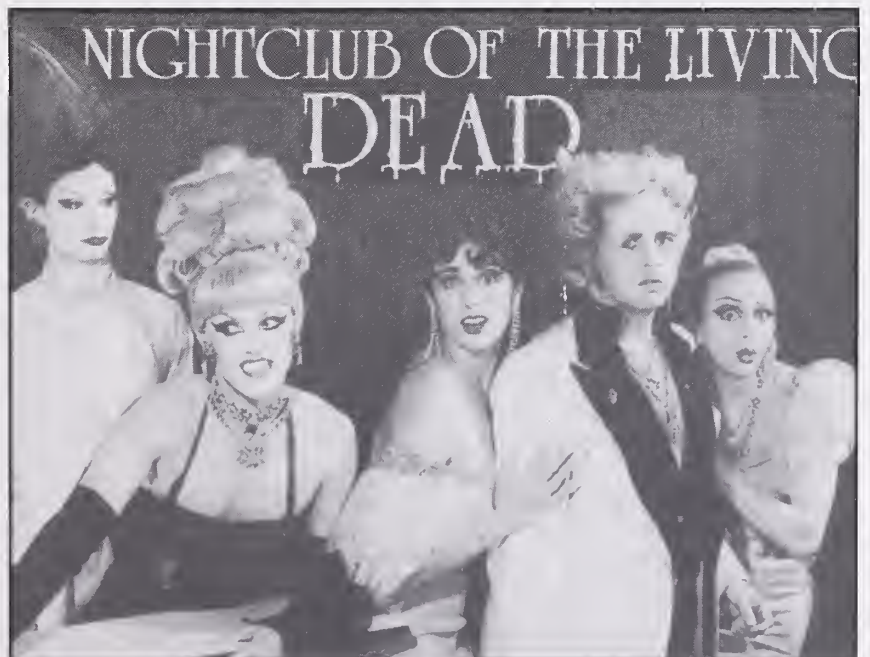
SK: I was Babs Velour, the shoplifter. It was like a red herring. I had a horrible scene they shot at 4:00 AM. I had one take and then they ran out of film. I was trying to modulate my performance down, because it was film and the camera was way over there. I came across not at all. My other scene came off better. I realized I had to amp it up a little. But I know that on Amazon.com in someplace like Springfield, Illinois “Vegas In Space” is the number one rental. There’s this huge fan base in certain areas. I’m serious.

MsB: *I know that Phillip (R. Ford, the producer/director) ran into a young guy from Texas who said he and his friends would have “Vegas In Space” parties and dress-up like the characters.*

SK: You know Doris did everyone’s makeup for the movie. X and “Tippi” did their own, once they set the design with Doris. We all did our

base, but she would do all our eyes. So there was a lot of sitting around waiting, because it just took a long time for her to come and do everybody. Then she’d do herself last. There are a couple of scenes where she looks a little frazzled. It was a lot. It was too much.

That whole section in the mall is not very interesting. But the black and white section was beautiful. But I guess that when the film got re-released they changed it to something like blue and yellow. They couldn’t have it be black and white. I think X’s performance as Queen Veneer is wonderful. There are scenes that look incredible, like (“Tippi”’s character) Princess Angel’s bedroom. Or the spaceship flying into the planet Clitoris. Doris made that set out of lipstick cases and perfume bottles, makeup bottles and hair things. It’s just hysterical. That was the Sluts aesthetic. Take something that’s hard edge, because if men were doing it you’d have all this technical stuff, and here it’s makeup and makeup bottles, nail polish and perfume instead.



NIGHTCLUB OF THE LIVING DEAD



I just think that for me it was really an incredible opportunity to develop this incredible confidence on stage. I mean I had more fun than I've ever had in my life. I got experience in so many different areas: producing, publicity, a little directing and choreography. At first, I just took the numbers from movies, but in "Happy Hour" I was choreographing from scratch and I was really proud of some of them. There was the *Go to Hell* number done to this great jazz score from "Man With a Golden Arm." It was a ten-minute number with three sections. One of my proudest moments.

MsB: *Have you done drag since then?*

SK: I've actually done male drag, trouser roles. In "Cabaret" I played Max, Sally's boyfriend. People didn't even know I was a woman. This was down in LA. Before that I played in "Rosencrantz and Gildenstern Are Dead" as a man. I actually did both parts. They started me as Rosencrantz and they switched us and I became Gildenstern. Can you imagine the lines? It was really tough. Every once in awhile we'd start slipping into the opposite character.

Here's a story I remember. We were performing at the Oasis (a dance club) during the day. It was always scary to do drag during the day. You've got the sun beating down on you and it shows every line and every bump. It shows that you've got a quarter of an inch of makeup on. Drag works much better at night. But anyway, this guy came up to me after the show. And he says, "Excuse me, I'm a student and I was wondering. I hope you don't mind this question. Are you a man or a woman?" And I said, "I guess you'll have to do a little more studying, won't you?"

MsB: *Did you ever have guys come on to you at the end of the shows?*

SK: Well, like I said, drag was like an armor. They were certainly

intrigued, but it kept them at arm's distance. That was perfectly fine with me. No one ever became difficult or obnoxious. It keeps them back. If they don't know if you're a man or a woman, they don't know how to approach you. Doris always said that gender fucking really screws with your brain because the first thing that you know about someone is if they're a man or a woman. That's the first bit of information that your brain processes. Then everything else kind of clicks down from there. Well, if you can't decide "man or woman," your brain can't continue and do its thing. It shorts out.

I remember dancing for Chris Isaak on the stage of the Civic Auditorium for the Black and White Ball. That was always so glamorous. We're all boogying and I'm rubbing butts with Chris Isaak. And I remember him turning around and going like, "Oh, shit, this drag queen is rubbing my ass." But still smiling and being nice about it. Then back in the Green Room I'm trying to come on to him and he was not having any of it. In the Green Room he took one look at me with my heavy makeup and it was, "I don't think so."

Doris and "Tippi" and I auditioned for "Putting on the Hits." Do you remember that show? It was a late night, syndicated lip-sync show. This was like 1985. They would do auditions around the country. I got us an audition and we rocked. I don't remember what number we did—oh, wait, it was *Give Him a Great Big Kiss* by the Shangri-las. "Tippi" was the lead singer. I always liked doing the back-up lippping. But they did not allow real drag queens on that show. If they had drag, it would be straight guys doing really obvious, really bad drag.

I often ended up dancing on Halloween, my birthday. I remember one year we were dancing at the Trocadero, (another dance club) and they would not put on our tape. We gave them our tape to intersperse with the dance music, but they didn't want to stop the dancing. People can stop dancing for a few minutes and watch a number. What's the big deal? So they did finally and, I'll never forget, it was "Stop In The Name of Love." I still have those routines in my brain. I can hear any song and do the whole routine still. That was a great moment. They threw the lights up on stage and it was "STOP!" Everybody's going wild. But for the rest of the evening we're dancing to stuff like "Ghostbusters." The year I'm turning 20 I'm thinking, "Oh, my god, I'm doing 'Ghostbusters' on the stage at the Trocadero."

MsB: *At the end people got sick, things changed and you moved down South.*

SK: I'd never lived in Los Angeles before and I always thought I'd have something to take me there. I never thought I'd go there from scratch. But it got to the point in my life that it's either now or never. It was the scariest moment of my life to go down there by myself. And especially to leave this group because, even though so many people had died, there was still this feeling of camaraderie and a support system. The first few years I really floundered. Then I was able to create my own support system and joined the West Coast Ensemble as an actress. And I got involved with producing. After awhile you get to the point where you're just sick of waiting around for someone to pick you to do something. I wanted to make things happen. It's been a lot of fun. A lot of work, though.

MsB: *What are you working on now?*

SK: I just produced a workshop of this really great play. It's called "The Hearing Trumpet" by Henry Murray and it's an adaptation of this surrealist novel written by Leonora Carrington. There's a huge theater scene in LA. People don't think about going to LA for theater, but

there's actually more theater in LA than any other city in the world. Granted, some of it is very bad. But there's this really strong, core group that's committed to do really good, interesting theater.

MsB: When did you start writing?

SK: Writing is my latest thing. First I was acting and dancing, then I was producing. Then I got into directing. Now for the last two years I've been seriously writing.

When we did the benefit for (director) Chuck Solomon, I dressed-up as Marilyn Monroe and sang "Happy Birthday" to him. They announced me, "Ladies and Gentlemen, Marilyn Monroe!" And I knew to hang back. I knew not to go on stage right away and build the anticipation. I remember the director going, "They called your name! Go on! Go on!" I didn't say "No," I just waited. Then I started tapping the curtain to let the audience know I was coming. That's stuff I learned from them. Stagecraft. You learned how to play an audience. There was a lot of direct address to the audience with them, so you had to be comfortable with that. And if things go wrong, and they always did, you had to learn how to go with that and make a joke out of it. Those were the best moments

MsB: It had the beauty of being perfectly in the moment.

SK: I think my favorite "Tippi" line was when we took an intermission at one of our shows. We came out and announced the intermission. So I'm like telling them "blah blah blah" and I hand the mic over to "Tippi" and she says, "So, have a piss and buy a beer." Which was a wonderful summation of all the "blah blah" I had just said.

Whenever Doris would introduce us "Tippi" was "The Oldest Living Child Star." Or she'd say "Here's the girl who put the 'x' in

exciting and the 'b' back in dumb." And I was "The Girl with a Head on her Shoulders and Shoes on her Feet." One of Doris' favorite sayings, after she'd been elaborately complimented, was, "You're just saying that because it's true." That to me is quintessential Doris: bold, confident, and honest. I've sometimes used that line myself and I can feel the Mae West-ness of it suffuse into me.

Though the Sluts are history, Sandelle isn't giving up the stage. It's part of her breath and blood. She was "born in a trunk" and weaned by drag queens. And though the Sluts don't trod the boards any more, there's still one way to see this group that defined San Francisco glamour in the 1980's. Get a hold of their cinematic romp "Vegas in Space." About eight or nine years ago it enjoyed repeated showings on Cinemax and the video could even be rented from national chains like Blockbusters. Now it may be more esoteric, but it's worth the hunt. You'll see the ensemble and their aesthetic. The scenes maybe a bit long and the over-dubbing a bit off, but it's all about the costumes, the high heels, iridescent eye shadow and a femininity that's bigger than life.

Ms BOB is a collector of gender-related books, magazines, recordings and ephemera. She is seeking *NEW FEMALE MIMICS* (Winter, 1970-71), *EN FEMME* #11 (1989) and *LADY LIKE* #7, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 30, 31 and 33. Visit Ms BOB'S ON-LINE BOOK SHOPPE & EPHEMERA EMPORIUM on the Transgender Forum Shopping Mall (www.tgforum.com) for used and hard to find items. Ms Bob can be contacted c/o Lady Like or at msbob@tgforum.com.

CAROL KLEINMAIER is a founding member of Transgendered Nation. For almost two decades she has been an activist for both gender and AIDS issues.

If there is any subject you'd be interested seeing covered in DRAMA QUEEN, please, drop us a note and we will try to oblige.

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One Spooky Spectacle

Well, finally, I did something I'd been tempted to try for the past few Hallowe'ens! I slunk out — as my "Beverley" persona — to join countless Trick-or-Treaters in their pumpkinular (pumpkiniar? pumpkinial? whatever) pursuits. (Giggle.) Heck, I'd even plucked my eyebrows weeks in advance.

Okay, like, you no doubt require the 4-1-1 on how I proceeded in going about my normal, everyday business with ultra-tweezed brows. Happily, I'd devised a near foolproof camouflage technique! Fer shur! (Well, fer probably, anyway.) Whenever switching from DRAG to DRAB, I simply combed the sparse hairs downward, secured them with glue, filled in spaces and perimeters with black pencil, and added another layer of glue as waterproofing. (Titter!) Without exaggeration, the resemblance of these "strokes of genius" to my natural specimens was... er, haunting. (Sorry.)

But I digress...

Last year, you see, I happened to cross paths with a dressed-up couple leaving the lobby for an All Hallows Eve

party. And instantly I felt like the proverbial odd gal out.

This year, consequently, I would attempt a rehearsal of sorts in the wee hours of October 31st, just in case I failed to conjure up the courage to emerge later in the day. (That early-morning stroll was totally inspiring, with a lumbering skunk constituting the lone diversion. In a word, Eeks!) No Problemo. However, as fate would have it, "Beverley" wasn't about to be denied!

Fast-forward to the evening of the 31st. So, Okay. Like, I didn't actually scurry door-to-door in search of sweets and other assorted treats. As if! Yet I did wind up meandering through some 1500 youngsters and chaperones during the better part of 1¼ hours. Yes!

The star-studded sky was simply imposing, so much so that I sensed I could touch — no, grasp — each and every constellation. I witnessed awesome displays everywhere (unlike last fall) many radically creative! And, whereas the little monsters might not have worn the most innovative of costumes, they did demonstrate unbridled enthusiasm! (Of course, the usual clueless suspects were sporting civvies.)

Golly, what a totally tubular spectacle! (Hence, this account.) The only drawback came in the form of traffic-clogging vehicles travelling in all directions - stopping and starting ad nauseam. (Methinks today's moms and dads are more affluent, and, as a result, have grown a tad lazier than their counterparts of the '50s and '60s.)

Evidently, my "baptism of fire" turned out rather successful. Few individuals gave me a second glance. Either I appeared smashingly convincing as a blonde babe or the revelers wrote me off as just another person in disguise.

There were a couple of notable exceptions, though. As I approached a pair of young women, I heard one inform the other, "That's a guy!" When the latter expressed disbelief, the former reiterated, "Yeah! That's a guy!" (Eep! How could she tell from 30 to 50 feet away? Hadn't I properly shaved my legs? Was my raincoat buttoned left-over-right? Did my hair somehow assume a giveaway rakish tilt?) Typically, I kept my wits and accorded the duo but a quick peek as I sauntered past. To be honest, I found the comment more amusing than distressing (no pun intended).

The second instance occurred when I stumbled upon a group of adolescents, mostly girls. Caught completely off guard, I couldn't decide whether to ignore the crowd, look down, or smile — so I totally choked, clumsily combining



Roxanne as "Beverley"

all three options. (Uh-oh.) Suddenly, one of the teens burst out laughing! My puellar ploy had been uncovered! (Hello! Well, at least my outfit didn't suck... like hers!) This time, alas, being read proved more alarming than humorous. (Go figure.) LevertheNess, ever composed, I maintained cruising speed and vampirically vanished around the corner.

Ironically, this encore encounter took place at the Junction of Lockhart Avenue and Selwood Road. "Lockhart" happened to be "Beverley's" surname! (Hey, would I lie?)

My one glaring tactical error came somewhat later. Confronted by an opening van door - not to mention children approaching from either side of the vehicle - I automatically dodged one and all - instead of hesitating, then resuming my trek. (Those cat-like reflexes must have given me away, fer shur! Like, what a certified bonehead!)

What astounded me was how abruptly the festivities ended! I mean, by 8 PM most porch lights had been snuffed out and the vast majority of kids hauled off the streets! (Major bummer!) Still, undaunted and undeterred, I persevered until I had covered a gnarly eight miles! (Hey, I try.)

Wouldn't you know it! It was along the home stretch that I stepped on a greasy patch of leaves and was sent unceremoniously sprawling! (EEEEKKKKK!!) Hell, what rotten luck! And, incredibly, despite the presence of several occupied cars, no one rushed, skipped, or even crawled, to my aid. Could the tumble have appeared ominously hombre-like? (Vehemently virile? Menacingly macho? Whatever.) Anyhow, not to worry. All I sustained was a scraped left knee... the real tragedy being my torn nylons. (Sob!)

To add insult to injury (literally), I was nearly intercepted reentering my building. (Yikes!) Ye olde peripheral vision spotted a large male figure exiting the elevator - and he saw me! Regardless, bounding up the stairs (hooray for flats), I managed to make it back to the third floor intact. Like, what a blast! I could now report that, of all the ghosts, goblins, witches, and skeletons prowling about, none proved sinister enough to moonlight as a purse-snatcher! Yay!

You know, a year, nay, even two months, previously, I couldn't have imagined daring to go this far. What next?

Postscript. November 2nd... Well, didn't this simply shatter my Jack O'Lantern. Still in femme-mode, I'd again run out of provisions. Frankly — better make that Francinely — although my masculine component respectfully requested resumption of control, "Beverley" refused! In spite of dire hunger pangs, the girl wouldn't hear of relinquishing her place of predominance! (Shades of "Amber-Jayne's September '99 rebellion!") Ergo, as was the case last year, we



reached an amicable compromises "Bev" stayed, and her male counterpart phoned for a pizza.

Cleverly, we joined forces to push a stack of boxes, a chair, etc., up to the front door and waited. Once the delivery dude arrived, he was asked to slip the order through a slender space, since "a number of heavy objects prevented the door from being opened all the way". (Again, would I lie?) The fellow complied, and was rewarded with a big tip.

No, there was little risk involved in our dainty mitts reaching for the pizza, twisties, and drinks. Girlie gear notwithstanding, we'd slipped into a flannel shirt (to cover our hairless arms) and rubber gloves (to hide a multitude of rings and painted nails) I Moreover, to avoid enchanting said courier's nosey nostrils, we postponed spritzing additional perfume until after the fact! (Giggle.)

Like, mission accomplished! Only days previously, such an adventure would have been deemed "mission improbable"! All right!

... Each reader's earrings will self-destruct in five seconds. Fer Shur!!!

LL

Resources

North American Support Groups

National US Membership Organizations

International Foundation for Gender Education, PO Box 54029, Waltham, MA 02454. Publishes Transgender Tapestry (\$40/year subscription). Reprints and books on TV/TS subjects. other info. Hosts annual conference in different locations around the country. Phone: 617-899-2212. "ifge@ifge.org" "www.ifge.org"

Renaissance Transgender Association, Inc., 987 Old Eagle School Rd., Suite 719, Wayne, Pa. 19087. 610-975-9119 24 hr. answering machine, but phones are answered personally on Monday and Thursday evenings. Membership fee of \$40 includes the monthly publication "Transgender Community News." Also publishes Background Papers and Community Outreach Bulletins on transgender issues for personal and professional use. Speakers available for classroom, corporate, or media discussions of transgender issues. Renaissance currently has four chapters and seven affiliates. Affiliates are noted with "(I)" in the list below. Renaissance is a 501(c)(3) non-profit membership organization. "angela@ren.org" "www.ren.org"

Society for the Second Self (SSS), Box 194, Tulare, CA 93275. Focused on families and relationships. Tri-Ess publishes the Femme Mirror quarterly and hosts an annual convention. Tri-Ess chapters are marked with "s" in the list below. Tri-Ess is a non-profit membership organization. "jeftris@aol.com"

AK
Alaska T People, c/o Bobbie Wendy Tucey, PO Box 670349, Chugiak, AK, 99567

AL
Madison County Gender Center, c/o Metropolitan Community Church, 3015 Sparkman Drive NW, Huntsville, AL, 35810

AZ
A Rose, PO Box 8108, Glendale, AZ, 85312
Alpha-Zeta (Tri-Ess), PO Box 1738, Tempe, AZ, 85280-1738

Evolere Transgendered Foundation, 1830 E. Broadway Blvd. #124-269, Tucson, AZ, 85719
Tau Upsilon, 8802 E. Broadway Blvd. #145, Tucson, AZ, 85710

CA
3rd Sect, c/o Sacto. Gender Assoc., PO Box 215456, Sacramento, CA, 95821-1456
Access Point, PO Box 7180, Los Osos, CA, 93402

Alpha Chapter, 409 N. Pacific Coast Hwy. #320, Redondo Beach, CA, 90277

American Transsexual Education Center, 1626 n. Wilcox Ave. #584, Hollywood, CA, 90028

Androgyny, PO Box 480740, (Santa Monica) Los Angeles, CA, 90048

Born Free, PO Box 52829, Riverside, CA, 92517

CD Social Group, PO Box 224, Montrose, CA, 91021

Center for Gay, Lesbian, Bisexual & Transgendered Community, 3909 Centre Street, San Diego, CA, 92103

CHIC, PO Box 8487, Long Beach, CA, 90808
Diablo Valley Girls, PO Box 272885, Concord, CA, 94527-2885

Emergence-Support for Christian TS, 208 W. Manning, Reedley, CA, 93654

FPSG, #634 PO Box 410-990, San Francisco, CA, 94141-0990

Gender Awareness League, PO Box 46062, Los Angeles, CA, 90046

Gender Expressions, PO Box 816, Lakewood, CA, 90714-0816

L.A. Gay & Lesbian Center/ The Village, 1125 N. McCadden Pl., Los Angeles, CA, 90038

Ladies Knight Out, PO Box 19608-179, Irvine, CA, 92713

Neutral Corner, PO Box 19008, San Diego, CA, 92159

Omega Chi, PO Box 1088, Yorba Linda, CA, 92686

Powder Puffs of California, PO Box 1088, Yorba Linda, CA, 92886

PSGV Transgendered Support, 401 South Main St., Suite 104, Pomona, CA, 91765

Rainbow Gender Association, PO Box 700730, San Jose, CA, 95170-0730

Sacramento Gender Assoc., PO Box 215456, Sacramento, CA, 95821-1456

San Francisco Gender Information (SFGI), PO Box 423602, San Francisco, CA, 94142

Sigma Sigma Beta, Tri-Ess, PO Box 19933, So. Lake Tahoe, CA, 96151

Silicon Valley Gender Association, 175 Stockton, San Jose, CA,

Society for Initiatives & Services in TG Issues, PO Box 30844, Oakland, CA, 94604

Society for Second Self (Tri-Ess), PO Box 194, Tulare, CA, 93275

TGSF, PO Box 426486, San Francisco, CA, 94142-6486

Thursday Irregulars, c/o Joan Sheldon, PO Box 6541, San Jose, CA, 95150-6541

Trans-Action, 973 Market St. Suite 500, San Francisco, CA, 94103

Transsexual Support Group, The Center Long Beach, 2017 East 4th St., Long Beach, CA, 90814

Tri Chi Tri-Ess, PO Box 194, Tulare, CA, 93275

U.S. G.I.R.L.S. Club, P.O. Box 3182, Cerritos, CA, 90703-3182

Ventura Transgender Outreach, c/o GLCC, 3503 Arundell Circle, Suite 3-A, Ventura, CA, 93003

Nadia Cabezas c/o Jeff Faircloth, 191 Golden Ave, San Francisco, CA, 94102

CO
Delta, Tri-Ess, PO Box 16208, Denver, CO, 80216-6208

Gender Identity Center of Colorado, Inc., 1455 Ammons St., Suite 100, Lakewood, CO, 80215-4993

Phoneix Project, 1740 South Buckley Road, #6-178, Aurora, CO, 80017

Pueblo TV/TS Support Group, 1144 Claromont, Pueblo, CO, 81004-2808

Teenage Kids of TSs, c/o Laurie Ciccotello, 1740 S. Buckley Road #6-178, Aurora, CO, 80017

CT
Connecticut Outreach Society, PO Box 163, Farmington, CT, 06034

connecticuTView, PO Box 2281, Devon, CT, 06460

GBSING, c/o PO Box 162, Haddam, CT, 6438

Twenty (XX) Club Inc., PO Box 387, Hartford, CT, 06141-0387

D.C.
Washington-Baltimore Alliance, PO Box 50724, Washington, D.C., 20091-0724

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Renaissance, Delaware Chapter, PO Box 5656, Wilmington, DE, 19808

FL
Animas, PO Box 420309, Miami, FL, 33242

Gamma Chi Beta, PO Box 510045, Punta Gorda, FL, 33951-0045

Gender Society of the Palm Beaches, c/o Compass, 1700 N. Dixie Highway, W. Palm Beach, FL, 33407

Lauderdale Area TG Support, c/o Diane Arnold 3990 NW 42nd Ave, Lauderdale Lakes, FL, 33319

Mu Beta Gamma Tri-Ess, PO Box 4126, Hialeah, FL, 33014

North Florida Sisters (NFS), PO Box 5765, Jacksonville, FL, 32245-5765

Phi Epsilon Mu, Tri-Ess, PO Box 3261, Winter Park, FL, 32790-3261

Starburst, PO Box 6822, Clearwater, FL, 33756-6822

Tau Lambda, Tri-Ess, PO Box 3426, Tallahassee, FL, 32315-3426

Trans Alliance of Gainesville, PO Box 143102, Gainesville, FL, 32614-3102

GA
AGE, PO Box 98330, Atlanta, GA, 30359

Montgomery Institute, PO Box 33311, Decatur, GA, 30033

Sigma Epsilon, Tri-Ess, PO Box 272, Rosewell, GA, 30077-0272

HI
Hawaii Transgender Outreach, PO Box 4530, Honolulu, HI, 96812

IA
Central Illinois Gender Assoc., PO Box 1925, Clinton, IA, 52733-1925

Iowa Artistry, PO Box 75, Cedar Rapids, IA, 52406

QCAD, PO Box 1534, Davenport, IA, 52809

ID
Tri-States Transgender Group, PO Box 6691, Boise, ID, 83707

IL
Central Illinois Gender Assoc (CIGA), P.O. Box 3082, Champaign, IL, 60826-3082

Chi, Tri-Ess, PO Box 40, Wood Dale, IL, 60191-0040

Chicago Gender Society, PO Box 578005, Chicago, IL, 60657

Sunday Society, PO Box 478850, Chicago, IL, 60647

Transgender Outreach Project, PO Box 441, Urbana, IL, 61801

IN
IXE, PO Box 20710, Indianapolis, IN, 46250
Transgender Outreach of N. Indiana, Ltd., PO Box 2372, Portage, IN, 46368

KS
KCCAF (Kansas City), PO Box 4092, Overland Park, KS, 66204

Wichita Transgender Alliance, PO Box 3002, Wichita, KS, 67201-3002

KY
8G8 (a.k.a. BlueGrass Belles), PO Box 20173, Louisville, Ky, 40250

LA
Gulf Gender Alliance, PO Box 56836, New Orleans, LA, 70156-6836

MA
COMPASS, PO Box 229, Waltham, MA, 02454
Innvestments, PO Box 2194, Orleans, MA, 02653-3160

Sunshine Club, PO Box 564, Hadley, MA, 01035-0564

TG Support Group, 36 Alpine Rd, Wayland, MA, 01778

Tiffany Club of New England, Inc., PO Box 71, Waltham, MA, 02454-0071

MD
Chi Epsilon Sigma, PO Box 505, Brooklandville, MD, 21022-0505

The Bridge Club, c/o Michelle Gerald, PO Box 11737, Baltimore, MD, 21206-0337

Tran*quility Gender Information Society, Inc., c/o GLCC8, 241 W. Chase Street, Baltimore, MD, 21201

Trans Info Project (FitM), PO Box 1145, Greenbelt, MD, 20770

Transgender Support Group of Baltimore, c/o Gay & Lesbian Community Center of Baltimore, 241 W. Chase St., Balt., MD, 21201

Washington-Baltimore Alliance, PO Box 1994, Silver Spring, MD, 20915

ME
Maine Gender Resource & Support, c/o Jean Churchill, PO Box 1894, Bangor, ME, 04402

Transsupport, 80x 17622, Portland, ME, 04101

MI
After Six, 80x 126, Comstock Park, MI, 49321
Crossroads, Box 1245, Royal Oak, MI, 48068
Friends North, Inc., PO Box 562, Traverse City, MI, 49685-0562

IME of Western Michigan, PO Box 1153, Grand Rapids, MI, 49501

MN
Beta Gamma, Tri-Ess, PO Box 8591, Minneapolis, MN, 55408

City of Lakes Crossgender Community, PO Box 14844, Minneapolis, MN, 55414

Gender Education Center, PO Box 1861, Maple Grove, MN, 55311

MO
St. Louis Gender Foundation, PO Box 9433, St. Louis, MO, 63117

MS
Beta Chi, Tri-Ess, PO Box 31253, Jackson, MS, 39286-1253

Southern Belle Society, PO Box 312,
Gulfport, MS, 39505

NC

Carolina Transensual Alliance (CTA), 112
Edwardia, Charlotte, NC, 27409

Kappa Beta, Tri-Ess, PO Box 12101, Charlotte,
NC, 28220-2101

Phoenix Transgender Support, PO Box 18332,
Asheville, NC, 28814

Sigma Rho Delta Tri-Ess, PO Box 90141,
Raleigh, NC, 27675-0141

Triad Gender Association, PO Box 2264,
Jamestown, NC, 27282-2264

NE

River City Gender Alliance, PO Box 8076,
Omaha, NE 68108

NH

Tri-Ess New England, PO Box 7681, Nashua,
NH, 03060-7681

NJ

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NJ, 07661-0001

Epsilon Mu Gamma, PO Box 4, Three
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NJ, 8650

Sigma Nu Rho, Tri-Ess, PO Box 9255,
Trenton, NJ, 8650

NM

Phi (Fiesta), Tri-Ess, 8200 Montgomery NE,
#241, Albuquerque, NM, 87109

NV

Equinox, 8175 S Virginia, Suite 850-256,
Reno, NV, 89511-8981

TG Support, Community Counseling Center,
1120 Almond Tree Lane, Las Vegas, NV

NY

Buffalo Belles, PO Box 1701, Amherst, NY,
14226

CD*Network, PO Box 92055, Rochester, NY,
14692

CDI, 404 W40th #2, NYC NY 10018

CNY TransMenace, 405 Howard St, #1,
Syracuse, NY, 13203

Expressing Our Nature, Inc., c/o Pride
Community Center, PO Box 6608, 745 N
Salina St., Syracuse, NY, 13217-6608

Gender Identity Project at the Lesbian &
Gay Community Services Center, One Little
West 12th Street, New York, NY, 10014

Lambda Chi Lambda, Tri-Ess, PO Box 1010,
Cooperstown, NY, 13326

LIFE, PO Box 1311, Watertown, NY, 1376-1311

Metropolitan Gender Network, 561 Hudson
St., Box 45, New York, NY, 10014

Rochester Transgender organization, C/O
Gay Alliance of the Genesee Valley, 179
Atlantic Avenue, Rochester, NY, 14607

TGIC, PO Box 13604, Albany, NY, 12212-3604

Transgender Network, PO Box 753, New
Paltz, NY, 12561

OH

Alpha Omega, PO Box 2053, Sheffield Lake,
OH, 44054-0053

Crossport, PO Box 1692, Cincinnati, OH,
45204

Crystal Club, PO Box 287, Reynoldsburg, OH,
43068-0287

It's Time Ohio!, PO Box 21310, Columbus, OH,
43221

Paradise Club, PO Box 29564, Cleveland, OH,
44129

TransFamily of Cleveland, 2121 S Green Rd, S
Euclid, OH, 44121-3300

OK

Central Oklahoma Transgender Alliance,
3334 W. Main Ste. 203, Norman, OK, 73072

OR

Intermountain Transgender Outreach, 1524
Monroe Ave., La Grande, OR, 97850

Northwest Gender Alliance, PO Box 4928,
Portland, OR, 97208

Phoenix Rising Foundation, 620 SW 5th
Avenue Ste. 710, Portland, OR, 97204-1422

Rho Gamma, PO Box 5551, Grants Pass, OR,
97527

PA

Erie Sisters, 1903 West 8th St #261, Erie, PA,
16505

Renaissance - Lehigh Valley, PO Box 3624,
Allentown, PA, 18106

Renaissance, Greater Philadelphia, 987 Old
Eagle School Road, Suite 719, Wayne, PA,
19087

Renaissance, Lower Susquehanna Valley, PO
Box 2122, Harrisburg, PA, 17105-2122

Transpitt, PO Box 3214, Pittsburgh, PA, 15230

TSG (Transsexual Support Group), 6020
Penn Circle South, Pittsburgh, PA, 15206

TN

Memphis TransGender Alliance, PO Box
11052, Memphis, TN, 38111-1052

Tennessee Vals, PO Box 92335, Nashville, TN,
37209

TX

Alpha Tau, PO Box 1398, Georgetown, TX,
78627

Austin Second Image, PO Box 679, Leander,
TX, 78641

Central Texas Transgender Society, PO Box
300487, Austin, TX, 78705

Epsilon Tau, Tri-Ess, PO Box 945, New
Waverly, TX, 77358

Gulf Coast Transgender Community, PO Box
90335, Houston, TX, 77090

Helping Cross Dressers Anonymous, 6804 E
Hiway 6 S #334, Houston, TX, 77083

ICTLEP, PO Drawer 35477, Houston, Texas,
77235-5477

Metropex CD Club, PO Box 141924, Irving,
TX, 75014-1924

Nu Epsilon Tau, PO Box 14096, Pantego, TX,
76094

Spouses & Partners International
Conference for Education (SPICE), Peggy
Rudd, c/o 8880 Bellaire 82 #104, Houston,
TX, 77036

Tau Chi, Tri-Ess, 8800 Bellaire B2, Ste. 104,
Houston, TX

Texas Assoc. of Transsexuals (T.A.T.S.), PO
Box 142, Bellaire, TX, 77401

UT

An Engendered Species, PO box 11897, Salt
Lake City, UT, 84147

Western Transsexuals Support Network,
4667 Holladay Blvd, #2, Salt Lake City, UT,
84117

VA

Chi Epsilon Sigma tri-Ess, c/o PO Box 382,
Norge, VA, 2317-0382

Trans-Gender Education Association, PO
Box 16036, Arlington, VA, 22215

VT

TRANS, PO Box 5687, Burlington, VT, 5402

WA

Bellingham Gender Group, PO Box 2004,
Bellingham, WA, 98227

Emerald City, PO Box 31318, Seattle, WA,
98103

Ingersoll Gender Center, 1812 E. Madison,
Suite 106, Seattle, WA, 98122-2843

WI

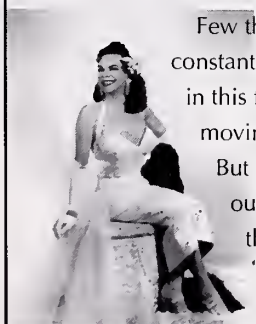
Gemini Gender Group, P.O.Box 44211,
Milwaukee, WI, 53214

Madison Transgender Group, 14W Mifflin St,
Madison, WI, 53704

WV

Trans-West Virginia, PO Box 2322,
Huntington, WV, 25724

The Queen is Dead! Long Live the Queen!



Few things are constant or stable in this fast moving world. But during our lifetime there's been one truth in the crossdressing community. One institution whose focus has remained constant since the first time you put on a pair of pantyhose; that was steadfast as the North Star even before the invention of pantyhose. That unchanging rock in the firmament was

Finocchio's, a nightclub "where the most beautiful women on stage are men." Finocchio's was in San Francisco "at the same location since 1936." But on November 27, 1999, after 63 years, Finocchio's chiseled off her make-up, hung up her tits, and went dark. San Francisco Poet Laureate Lawrence Ferlinghetti said it best, "What a drag."

The queen is dead! So, long live the queen! But who is she? Who inherits Finocchio's mantle of baubles, bangles and bugle beads? Which venue has the distinction of being the oldest showroom in America dedicated

to professional female impersonation? Have you been there? Is it in your hometown?

LadyLike and Transgender Forum are beginning a search. We want to discover who's been carrying the torch the longest. Which are the **three oldest clubs** featuring drag acts at least three nights a week, ten months a year. Is there a club in Atlanta? Maybe there's an older one in Seattle? Not a bar with an occasional show, this has to be a nightclub with tulle as its foundation.

Send us letters. Send us tips. We'll follow every lead you provide and sometime next year

LadyLike and Transgender Forum will run a series of articles, one on each of these venerable institutions. Join the search for community history! Send your nominations of old clubs to the old queens at LadyLike:

LadyLike/CDS
P.O. Box 61263
King of Prussia, PA 19406.



Resources

Calendar of Events

September 2001

13 - 16, Tiffany Club Fall Fling, Provincetown, Mass. Email <events@tcne.org> or visit their website <www.tcne.org>.

15, The Second Annual Abacuck Pritchett Dinner Party, at the Albany Marriott Hotel, 2pm - 11pm, vendors, entertainment, speakers, and more. Email to: <tgic@tgic-albany.org>. Visit their website at <www.tgic-albany.org>.

17 - 23, Southern Comfort Conference 2001 at the Sheraton Colony Square Hotel, 188 14th Street NE at Peachtree. Write: SCC, PO Box 77591, Atlanta, GA 30357-1591. Call: (404) 633-6470, or send email to <info@sccatl.org>. Visit their website at <www.sccatl.org>.

October 2001

14 - 21, Fantasia Fair, in Provincetown, Mass. Snail Mail Address: FanFair, PO Box 33724, Decatur, GA 30033-0724. Phone: 404-299-7405. Email: <fanfair@gender.org>.

24 - 27, Fantasy Fest Cruise to Key West, Leaves Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., 10/24. Cross between Mardi Gars and Spring Break. Call 305-296-1817.

25 - 27, Lavender Law Conference 2001, in Dallas, Texas. Visit their website at <<http://www.nlgla.org/events/lavlaw01/>>

November 2001

2 - 4, Fall Harvest Renaissance, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, An Iowa Artistry Event. Contact: <IowaArtistry@tgforum.com>.

7 - 11, Paradise In The Poconos 2001, an extended weekend for CDs in the Pennsylvania Pocono mountains with parties, programs and lots of fun. Contact CDS, PO Box 61263, King of Prussia, PA 19406, or call 610-640-9449, or email to <poco@cdspub.com>.

7 - 11, Tri Ess Holiday En Femme, in Chicago at the Hyatt Regency Oakbrook. Call 708-383-1677, or send email to <chitriess@aol.com>, Website: <www.holiday-enfemme.org>.

8 - 11, Kindred Spirits SEX & GENDER; Frank, non-experiential sharing and exploration of the uncharted sexuality that results from gender-shifting beyond sex-role expectations. Singles, partners & couples welcome. Facilitated by Zantui & Holly. Contact Holly Boswell. Call 828-669-3889, or send email to <hollyfairy@juno.com>. Bohdi Tree House, 395 Lakey Gap Acres, Black Mtn NC 28711.

November, cont'd.

15 - 17, Lake Erie Gala!, Erie, Pa. A fabulous three-day weekend of dressing, shopping, local tours and entertainment. Sponsored by the Erie Sisters Transgender Support Group. For more info write: ERIE SISTERS, 1903 West 8th St., PMB 261 Erie, PA 16505, or email to <eriesisters@yahoo.com>.

22 - 25, Kindred Spirits ALE-HELI'STI: We honor the core of Cherokee spirituality here, in their ancestral home, with a feast of thanksgiving on Saturday. No place at the table with blood kin? Come count your blessings with us. See contact info for earlier November event.

Dec 2001

1, Transgender Education Association (TGEA) Holiday Formal, Washington DC. For info contact <tgea4u@yahoo.com>.

2 - 8, 15th Dignity Cruise, sailing on the RCCL Rhapsody of the Seas from Galveston, Texas to the Caribbean. For info email to <melpieg@mindspring.com> or call 281-347-SAIL.

29 - 1/1, Kindred Spirits WINTER CIRCLE: After the fever pitch of commercialized holidays, you are invited to retreat in quiet reverence with kindred spirits. Bring a log for our mountaintop bonfire under the full moon, and start your year in Yule Circle. Contact Holly Boswell. See info in November listing.

2002 Events

January 2002

17 - 20 Tiffany Club's First Event 2002, Woburn, Massachusetts At the Crowne Plaza Hotel Sponsored by Tiffany Club of New England For more info E-mail: <events@tcne.org> or call Tuesday nights from 7pm to 11pm, (781) 891-9325. Visit their website at <www.tcne.org>.

March 2002

7 - 10, Colorado Gold Rush 2002, Red Lion Inn, Denver Colo. Contact GIC, Inc. for details. Email <GICofColo@aol.com>.

April 2002

3 - 7, Transgender 2002, The 16th Annual IFGE Convention Nashville, TN. Co-hosted by The Tennessee Vals, TG support group. For more details on Transgender 2002, Phone: (610) 759-1761 or E-mail: Kristines James at: <skristinej@aol.com>.

If you have information about an event that you'd like us to post here, please send email to <joann@cdspub.com>.

Mirror



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Donna, TN
msdonnac@home.com ▼



The Eyes Have It!

The ideal spacing for beautiful eyes is one eye width apart from inside corner to inside corner. If you are like most of us, your eyes are less than perfectly spaced. Fear not! The makeup mavens at LadyLike will show you how to make your eyes *appear* to be perfect. A little shadow here, a little mascara there, and you'll be gorgeous.

Prep your eyelids with foundation or concealer, a dash of translucent powder and curl your lashes, but don't apply mascara, yet.



Eyes Too Close Together

Technique: Modified Cat's Eye widens space, draws attention outward. **How-To:** Apply dark brown/black shadow from center of upper lashline to just past outer edge. Repeat on lower lashline. Connect the lines at the outer corner. Dust silver or gold shadow all over the lid up to brow. Apply two coats of mascara to upper lashes, one to lower, and more on outer lashes.



Eyes Too Small

Technique: Shimmery powder, curled lashes, shaped brows, and a well defined lashline. **How-To:** Apply gold or silver powder from lashes to browline and under lower lashes. With an angled brush, apply charcoal shadow along upper lashline. Shape brow to emphasize the arch. Apply three coats of mascara to upper lashes. Skip the lowers; it's not worth the effort.



Eyes Too Wide Apart

Technique: Carefully define eyes to draw attention away from the space between them. **How-To:** Use a fat brown pencil (or powder on a shadow brush) to draw a line from the center of the lid crease to the inner corner. Line all around the lashes with a brown pencil and smudge the line. If brows are sparse at the bridge of your nose, fill in to pull interest inward. Add two coats of mascara on top lashes, one on bottom.



Eyes Too Heavy

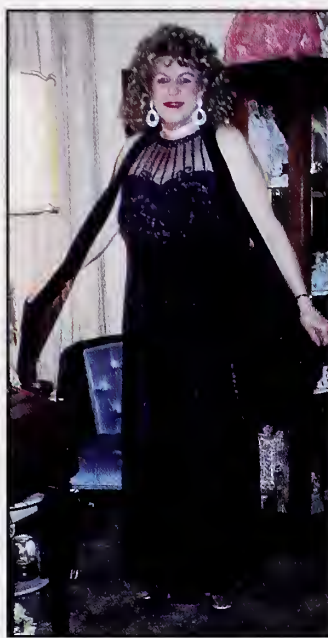
Technique: Lighten eyes with contouring. **How-To:** Apply a sheer neutral shadow to lid. Line lashed with dark brown from center of upper lid outward to outer corner; extend line up and out. Line outer quarter of lower lashes. Join the lines at the outer corner. Dab metallic shadow at inner corner and under lower lashes. Apply three coats of mascara to top. Recurl outer lashes.

E

Mirror Mirror



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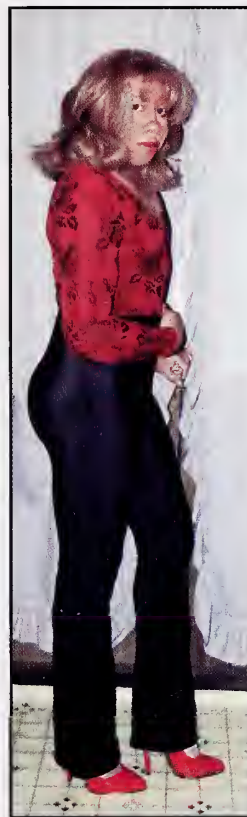
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The Hollywood Stars from Hawaii (l. to r.) Breeze,
Helene Chateau, Arianna Avante, Miss Hollywood ▼



On My Mind...



I gotta tell you kids, we have all got to get over this phobia about what might happen if anyone finds out we're transgendered. If we don't, we're doomed as a community. Just think what it must have been like 25 years ago for

gays and lesbians and then consider what life is like for them now. Sure, it isn't all "peaches and cream," but then whose life is anyway?

I get letter after letter with the same refrain — I'm still in the closet because: (a) my wife will leave me, (b) I'll lose my job, (c) the neighbors will ostracize me.

You know, it's never as bad as you think it will be. I am reminded of the times when I felt that the "worst" was about to happen. In every case, I learned that life goes on almost unchanged.

My first "worst" experience was being in a serious auto accident while crossdressed. Five of us ended up in the hospital after that one. Neither the police nor the ambulance personnel gave any notice to me being crossdressed, and, yes, they did know I was a male.

My second "worst" experience came shortly after I appeared for the first time on the Donahue Show in 1987. The day the segment aired in Philadelphia, we had 18 inches of snow and no one went to work that day. I was sure that when I arrived back at my office there would be a sign over my desk that said: Transvestite Sits Here. Nope. No recognition from anyone. Well, almost no one. A woman who had become a good friend did recognize my voice, but it took her two weeks to get up the courage to ask if it was me on the show. We've been best-girlfriends ever since.

My third "worst" experience came with the airing of an Evening Magazine segment they did on Renaissance several years ago. I'd just left my employer of 16 years and so I wasn't worried until I had reason to call back to my former workplace. I was on screen not more than 30

seconds for that show, but it seemed as if everyone who knew me was watching the show that night. Now it was "out" for certain that I am a transvestite. Did it change anyone's real opinion of me? No. In fact, my old group invited me back for a Christmas luncheon and they wanted to meet JoAnn. So I went. A month later, I was invited back again for a baby shower given for one of the women who had worked for me. This time I went as Joe. No one said anything to me about the television show, or the Christmas luncheon.

Another "worst" experience was mild compared to any of the others. Joe had lunch regularly with three female friends; we'd all worked with each other at one time. Two of the women knew I was a crossdresser (one was the friend mentioned in my second "worst" experience), but I had not shared this with the third woman who was slightly older than the others. Midway through lunch I said that I had something "special" to tell her. She looked directly into my eyes and said, "I already know and I'm disappointed JoAnn didn't come to lunch today." Well, you could have knocked me over with a feather! I was really concerned that this woman would not understand, but my two friends had decided to warn her in case JoAnn did show up. Eventually she met me as JoAnn and one day we even went clothes shopping together when the other two couldn't make it for lunch.

Most recently I've been seen several times in *All Dressed Up And No Place To Go* and on MSNBC Investigates: *Secret Closet*. At first, I winced hearing these would be on television repeatedly, but after nothing happened, I don't even think about it anymore. If someone sees either and realizes it me, so what?

The point of all this is about acceptance. My "worst" fears about being revealed as a transvestite to my friends and coworkers were unfounded. Those who liked me before the revelation still like me now. Those that didn't like me before, still don't like me now. Nothing has actually changed. The knowledge that I crossdress does not change the fundamental nature of who I am or who they are. My "worst" fears have come to naught and life is better than its ever been. Stay frosty!

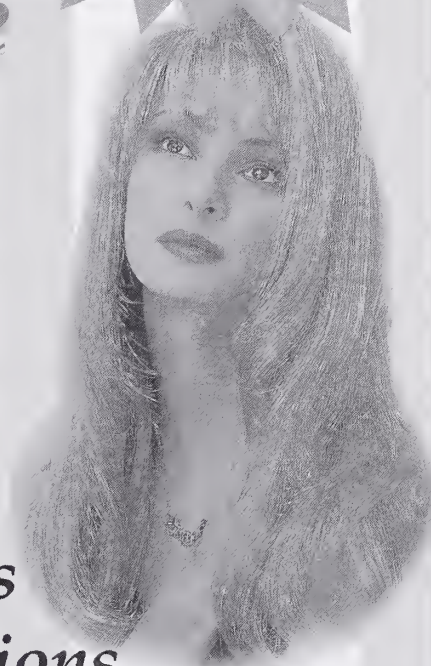
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